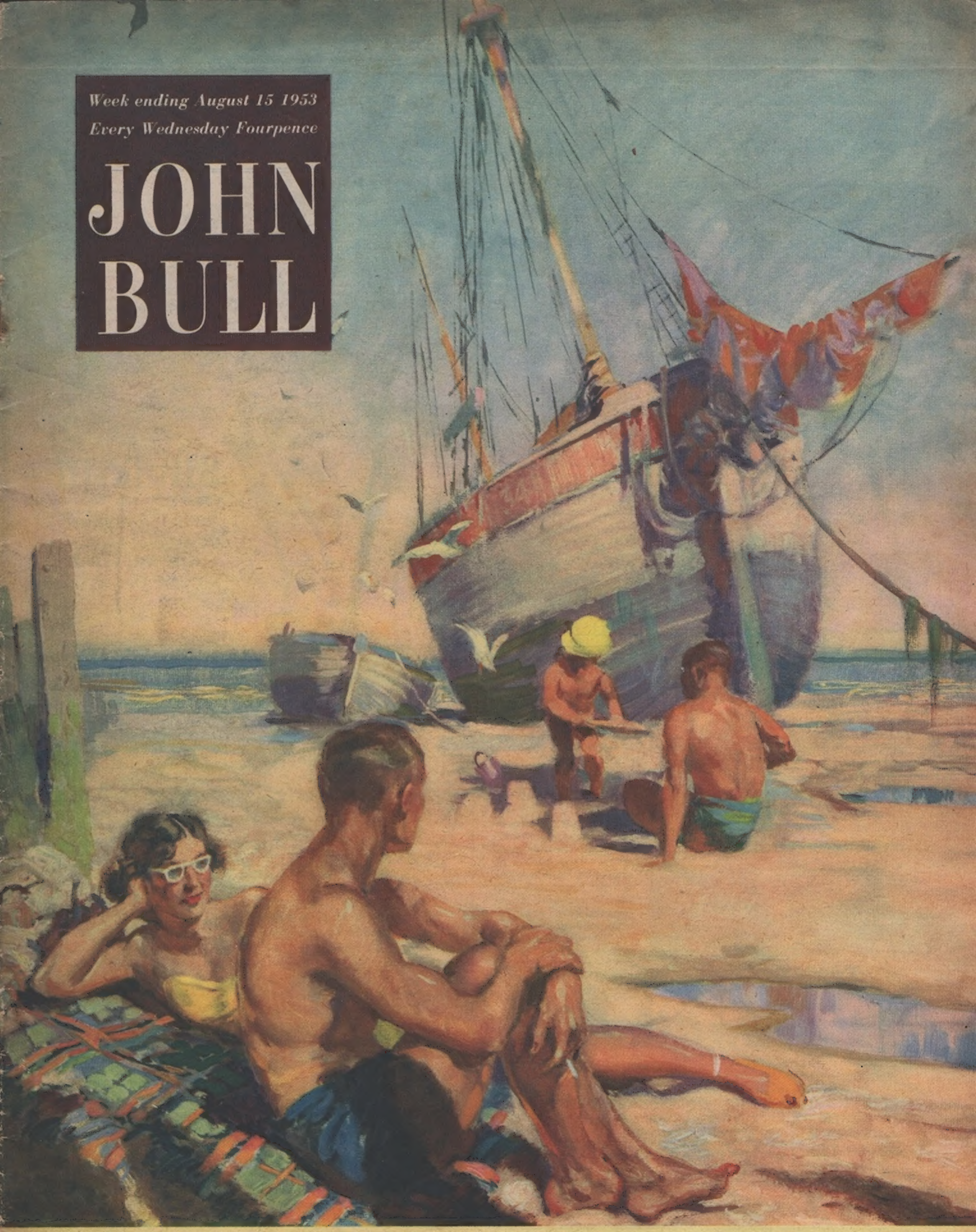
Week ending August 15 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



Harry Hopkins reports from **YARMOUTH**

CHIEF SCOUT Intimate profile of Lord Rowallan

The choice of a lifetime

In the natural process of trial and error you'll find good reasons why so many men get a lifetime of pleasure from Player's "Medium".

Now available in 2 oz. round airtight tins, as well as the flat pocket tins and 2 oz. pouches.

PLAYER'S MEDIUM
NAVY CUT TOBACCO

[NCT 76]

Here is a hair dressing with a new approach—a style all its own. ***Silvikrin Lotion with Oil*** *controls your hair the whole day through, yet leaves it looking perfectly natural (that's the secret of hairdressing in good taste!). It gives your hair the brilliance and gloss that come from vigorous hair health.* ***Silvikrin Lotion with Oil*** *is the hair dressing of today!*

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The Right-style
HAIR DRESSING
2/6 and 4/4½ a bottle

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TONIGHT

YOU CAN NOW BUY THEM SMOOTH COATED
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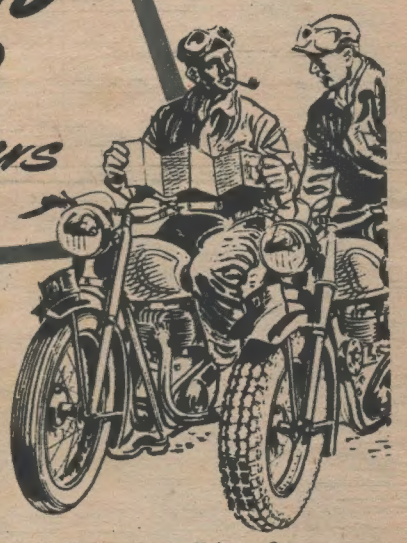
GENTLE The effect of Beecham's Pills is indistinguishable from a perfectly healthy, natural action.

EFFECTIVE They remove all congested waste matter without depriving your body of food containing valuable vitamins and minerals.

RELIABLE Beecham's Pills are not habit-forming—a normal dose never loses its efficacy. Take a bedtime dose of Beecham's Pills yourself—and keep well, keep young!

You'll feel better tomorrow

PROVED AND PRAISED
by seasoned riders everywhere!



Every tyre in the Dunlop motor cycle range—whether for racing, trials, 'scrambles', speedway or general riding all-year-round—is designed and built to provide highest performance, greatest safety and longest life. Their individual qualities of greater flexibility, powerful grip, more even wear and stubborn resistance to side-slip are proved and praised by regular riders throughout the country. Follow the lead of these practical motor cyclists—fit Dunlop, the tyres that are fitted as standard equipment on the majority of British motor cycles.

DUNLOP
MOTOR CYCLE TYRES

BM/225

EDITORIAL

Silly rents

A YOUNG businessman and his wife with a total income of about £20 a week are paying £4 a week for a flat in an old house: of this, their landlord passes on 18s. to the council in rates.

Nearby are new council houses letting at 25s. weekly, although the economic rent would be about £2—a difference covered by subsidy of 15s. They are occupied by tenants some of whose incomes are also £1,000 a year—and some considerably less.

The 15s. a week which each saves is paid partly out of rates—including the young businessman's—and partly through Exchequer housing grants to which everyone, again including that young man, contributes in taxes.

THAT is the absurd effect of the present council rent system under which everyone pays an uneconomic amount whether they need this public help or not.

MR. PATTINSON
He has one solution . . .

Mr. H. M. Pattinson, chairman of the National Housing and Town Planning Council, believes that "differential rents"—which are being enforced at Plymouth and a few other towns—are a solution.

"The answer is in councils' hands," he says. "Further legislation is not needed if they accept the principle and are prepared to put it into effect."

The idea is that all tenants pay the maximum subsidized rent fixed by the council unless they claim they can't—and prove it. Then they get a reduction.

This system is all right as far as it goes. It makes sure that the best-off tenants pay most—but not that they pay the full economic rent which they can well afford.

SO something better is needed. And here a sensible suggestion now being discussed by the Liberal Party's executive committee comes in.

The idea is to link rent with income tax.

Everybody has to reveal his means to the tax-collector, so there is no extra hardship or humiliation involved. Each tenant would have to declare the amount of his rent subsidy on his tax form, *as part of his income.*

So he would pay that much more tax which would go to the local council for relief of rates.

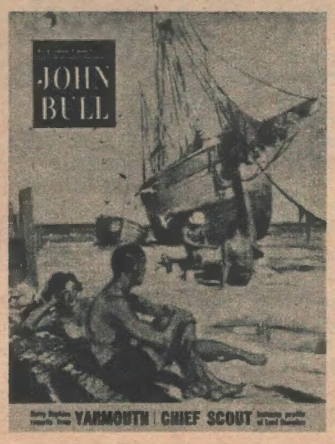
WHATEVER its technical and administrative difficulties, this promising idea should be officially examined.

For with more than 1,200,000 council houses and flats built since the last war alone, with nearly two million people still on waiting lists, and with the housing shortage still serious, this problem is growing, not diminishing.

And each rise in the rates makes action more urgent.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

GORDON NICOLL, R.I., drew this picture at Combe Martin, in North Devon, his favourite painting country. The boat descends from the Humber "Billy-Boy," once important in England's coasting trade. Its rounded lines and bluff bows date back to medieval times, when it was essential for small traders to reach inland ports like Norwich and Exeter. Today they can be seen at many holiday centres and fishing ports round the coast of Britain.



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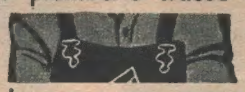
Indigestion made him go H&C

PIMM the plumber's traced his trouble



No need now to groan and bubble

When acid stomach gives him gyp

TWO RENNIES soothe him drip by drip

TAP THIS SAMPLE SUPPLY 4d.

Just suck two Rennies slowly, like sweets—and suddenly you'll realise that the pain is gone! If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion, it's high time you saw a doctor. Trial size 4d. Other sizes available everywhere at 2/8d., 1/6d. and 9½d.

So much better for the children

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NO ARTIFICIAL COLOURING
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Made from
FRESH FRUIT & SUGAR

Made by the makers of
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Slim roll pack—sweet (specially *sugar-sweetened*) tablets containing *no less than* 11 *different scientifically balanced therapeutic ingredients.* Moorland Antacid Indigestion Tablets do bring you much surer, quicker relief from indigestion, heartburn, flatulence and similar disorders. Never be without them. 1/- a packet of 4 rolls (40 tablets), 1/11*d.* a packet of 8 rolls (80 tablets). From *every* chemist.

FREE SPEECH

Toll gates pay for better roads

IN JOHN BULL for August 1, a reader criticized road tolls as being out of date. But in the U.S.A., which I have just visited, I found that tolls are coming back into favour.

I was driving out of a large city, along a fine six-lane highway, when I came to a modern, electrically operated toll gate, with a ticket office for each lane. "I'm surprised to find this sort of thing here," I told the toll-keeper. "In Britain, we're trying to scrap our tolls, because we think they're old fashioned." The man was amused. "This highway wouldn't be here but for the toll," he said. "The money we collect helps to pay for the cost of building the road, and for its upkeep. It doesn't cost the government a cent." As I drove on, down the broad highway with its fly-over crossings and smoothly banked bends, I reflected that this may be the real answer to the problem of Britain's dangerous, out-dated roads.—R. D., Watford, Hertfordshire.

Animal Trophy

ARTHUR WHITTINGTON'S photograph of the tiger on the elephant's back (JOHN BULL, August 1) intrigued me. When I visited Chipperfield's circus, I was emphatically told that

Tiger and elephant—by high-speed flash

no one was allowed to photograph this act, as the flashlight might cause both the animals to panic. How did he manage to get this picture?—R. ANSON, Sheffield, Yorkshire.

"John Bull" photographer Arthur Whittington used high-speed flash equipment. He convinced the circus authorities that his flash, lasting only a ten-thousandth of a second, would not be noticed by the animals. He was right. Chipperfield's normally forbid photographs of this act, because the tiger and elephant are natural enemies, and the slightest disturbance may cause the highly strung animals to fight.

Hidden Menace

RECENTLY, I attended a furniture auction. A French bed was knocked down for three shillings, a chest of drawers for five shillings. One bidder got a veneered washstand for six shillings. Yet these were doubtful bargains. Describing each lot, the auctioneer made it plain that the timber was badly affected by woodworm. The bargain hunters seemed unperturbed, but these articles could do pounds' worth of damage to the purchasers' homes. If they realized the risk, they would clamour for the sale of such furniture to be banned. — ROWLAND EALMUR, Alnwick, Northumberland.

Feeding Ring

THE letter on goldfish ("Free Speech," July 18) reminded me that, about ten years ago, the proprietor of a guest house in Yorkshire invited me to feed his goldfish. He gave me the food, and presented me with a bell. "Go down to the pond," he

said, "ring the bell, and the fish will come to feed out of your hand." I suspected a leg-pull, but I did as he said. At the first tinkle, the fish fairly leaped to the surface towards the food I held out.—MISS E. G. H., London, W.1.

Scottish Notes

HERE, in Scotland, £5 notes are in everyday use, and are accepted in shops without question ("Free Speech," July 18). But, as an Englishman, I was amazed to find that as many as seven Scottish banks issue these notes. There are also seven varieties of £1 notes. But for 10s. notes—which Scottish banks do not issue—the Scots have to rely on the Bank of England.—CHRISTOPHER HILTON, Telford Street, Inverness.

Safer Riding

BILL MORDEN could have struck a shrewd blow for the road safety campaign by giving his motor cyclists crash helmets to wear (JOHN BULL cover, July 4). It would not have detracted from the charm of the pretty pillion passenger, nor the manliness of the rider. Crash helmets protect motor cyclists from injuries which, in seven out of ten motorcycle accidents, are to the head.—H. WYNNE, Organizer, North East Lancashire Road Safety Committee, Accrington.

Counted Out

THE author of "Inside Dartmoor" tells us that he has been counted as many as eight times in a day. I am at a public school, and I am counted ten times every day—three times at meals, twice in dormitory, twice in lessons, once at prep, once in chapel, and once at call-over.—M. D. AYERS, West Bridgford, Nottinghamshire.

Garden Glory

YOUR correspondent M. L. C. should not be downhearted about his garden ("Free Speech," July 25). After three years, we are reaping a good harvest from ours. It cost us hard work—mixed with pleasure. But we have made seventy-four pounds of jam from our own fruit this season, we pick about forty sweet peas every second day, and we have not had to buy greenstuff for two years.—MRS. E. J. MACKIE, Percival Road, Rugby.

. . . A big outlay at the outset is not necessary for a good garden. The most profitable garden I know belongs to a disabled miner. His only equipment is a spade.—A. A. SOUTH, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire.

. . . Why on earth does M. L. C. need a hose-pipe? Watering only makes plant roots grow upwards instead of downwards, towards natural moisture.—M. S. L., Leicester.

. . . He should join his local horticultural society. Then he can get seeds, tools and fertilizers at an economic price.—G. A. HOYLES, Cottingham, Yorkshire.

Railcar Pioneers

MR. W. D. NEEDHAM, who wrote about diesel railcars in "Free Speech," July 18, may be interested to know that they were inaugurated by the old Great Western Railway in 1934, and are still used on the Western Region of British Railways. The cars illustrated in the photograph with Mr. Needham's letter are a modern improvement: they have been on test in London, North Wales, Ayrshire and Hull.—IVOR D. BULMER, Hull, Yorkshire.

Name The Dog

IN my street lives a Pekinese called Duke—although anything less like a duke is hard to imagine. The Alsatian in the next street answers to the name of Topsy, which is far too frivolous for so noble an animal. As a list of suitable names I would suggest Paddy or Biddy for Irish terriers; Ben for St. Bernards; Flush for spaniels; Macnab for Scotch terriers; Nero for greyhounds; Teckel for dachshunds; and Laddie for collies. — J. W. C., Coupar Angus, Perthshire.

Smallest House

AFTER reading the "Free Speech" accounts of the smallest church, I am enclosing a photograph of the smallest house in Britain. It is in Conway, Caernarvonshire, and has

two rooms—one on the ground floor, the other upstairs. When I visited the place, the man who lived there was six feet tall.—MRS. E. JONES, Seagrave Crescent, Sheffield, Yorkshire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Sunderland goes on a football spending spree

by WILFRED GREATOREX

Today, millions of men and women suffer from a condition of irregular elimination. Authorities say that this irregularity is probably the most common of all human maladies. If you happen to be one of its victims, you owe it to yourself to read every word of this.

Constipation can be entirely relieved by a food

NATURE HAS THE ANSWER TO THE COMPLAINT NO-ONE CARES TO TALK ABOUT!

Most men and women suffer from "irregularity" at one time or another, and, as a result, always feel vaguely "out of sorts," and incapable of enjoying life to the full. Nature's answer to this problem is the simple, logical one of supplying more "bulk" in your daily diet.

What is constipation?

Constipation is a persistent condition of sluggishness in eliminating waste-products from the body. It grows on people, almost unnoticed. It is far commoner among those whose work does not give them plenty of exercise than among those who keep muscles in tone by hard manual work.

It brings in its train a host of minor troubles. Irritation, moodiness, inefficiency, a general lack of well-being, are the least of these. Bad complexions, lack-lustre eyes, liability to colds, 'flu, etc., are more serious results.

Most sufferers from constipation in its mild "occasional" form do not realize its menace until months of never feeling really well force their attention to it. By that time, *progressive constipation* may have set in.

Modern diet is soft, starchy

The food we eat nowadays is mostly cooked, manufactured, and processed in various ways. Much of it is starch—bread, potatoes, macaroni, puddings, sweets, etc. This diet, lacking the fibres of more natural foods, lacking the "bulk" our intestines need for their proper working, cannot be naturally and regularly eliminated.

It stays in our bodies too long. It gives rise to gases and ferments. Stoppages occur. An occasional "flushing," of course, gives temporary relief. But what is needed is something that will get our insides into a regular, natural rhythm.

What you need is "bulk"

What is needed is "bulk." Our bodies can *only* work in the way Nature designed them to work. They should burn up the fats and starches and sugars into heat and energy, regularly getting rid of waste-products. They should use meat, eggs, fish, cheese, to repair worn tissue, regularly eliminating the poisonous residues.

If, every day, we took enough "bulk" in our food to absorb, hold, and pass out all these waste products of digestion, then within a week or so a regular routine would be set up. The results in health, spirits and energy would astonish us.

But unless the *progressive* condition of *stasis* (stand-still) in our insides is ended by the passing of safe, non-irritant "bulk," right through the digestive tract, *regularly every 24 hours*, we cannot be sure that not only is each day's wastage removed, but that *accumulated* waste is gently but firmly eliminated.

Cut the vicious circle, NOW!

Unless waste is thus regularly eliminated, a vicious circle is set up. Unwanted matter accumulates. Its lingering by-products cause further interruption to the body's "regularity."

This progressive condition of stasis can be ended by a single, simple decision, on the part of every sufferer. A pleasant, crisp breakfast cereal — ALL-BRAN — can be taken every day. All-Bran is "bulk." It takes up water. It expands into an unbelievably soft, fine, pulpy mass. It passes through the system in 24 hours. It brings away the whole of the residues, right through your system.

Even the worst cases—even a body that has had a lifetime of ill-usage—will respond to this gentle, natural persuasion within a week or two!

A daily helping of a delicious breakfast food will end "progressive constipation"

You are hardly aware, except by the astonishing feeling of well-being that you experience, that anything is happening inside you when you regularly eat All-Bran, with milk, or with milk and sugar, or with other cereals, or with fruit.

Nature is working for you. You are, by one simple, daily addition to your normal diet, becoming a natural person again. You are giving your system a food—rich in phosphorus and iron—that insensibly assumes the role of a soft, gentle, but irresistible, *interior sweep's brush!* You are taking natural "bulk." Your bowel-muscles have something to grip, now. They act *naturally*. You are *really regular!*

The benefits are astounding!

The choice is YOURS—tomorrow morning

To be well, cheerful, full of energy and good spirits, keen in brain and body—or to be increasingly dull, listless, vaguely unwell, irritable, inefficient both at work and play!

Who would hesitate between these two alternatives, once he or she knew the answer to this almost universal complaint?

Try All-Bran for ten mornings. An 1½d. packet will convince you. You may not care for its nutty flavour—persons vary enormously in their likes and dislikes. In that case, try All-Bran with a little fruit, or marmalade. Or take it with your favourite cereal. **But take it. Take it regularly for ten days. If after ten days you haven't experienced the benefit of daily regularity, we will gladly refund *double* your money!**

"My constipation never returned"

"When I swapped Army life for a sedentary occupation, the lack of exercise brought on constipation," writes Mr. G. Roberts, of East Croydon, Surrey. "Nothing helped until I tried All-Bran. It's kept me 'regular' ever since—and I would never miss it at breakfast-time."

"When I think how I suffered"

"When I first came to England the change of food and air affected me badly. Until I tried All-Bran, constipation was getting me down," writes Danish-born Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, of Tottenham, London, N. "Now I never suffer. I enjoy All-Bran every morning, keep myself 'regular,' and feel on top of the world!"

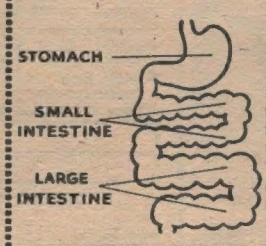
"Does really work wonders"

"Just a word of grateful thanks," writes Mrs. Gladys Leech, of Longsight—near Manchester. "For many years I have suffered from very stubborn constipation. During these last few weeks I have been very 'run down' and the doctor advised a tonic and rest, etc. I have read your advertisement many times regarding All-Bran but it was not until the last fortnight, I decided to give it a trial. The result is amazing. It does really work wonders. Henceforth All-Bran will be on my weekly shopping list."

"Made me 'regular' when all else failed"

"Before my first child was born, I was greatly troubled with constipation," writes Mrs. Brenda Scowen, of London, W.2. "Nothing did me any good until I tried 'All-Bran'—it's kept me 'regular' ever since."

HOW CONSTIPATION OCCURS



In your inside, there are thirty whole feet of intestinal tubes. Your food passes thro' them after leaving the stomach, giving up its nutritive values, leaving waste-products behind. Much of our modern food is so soft that it is too-readily absorbed, or forms a viscous, non-bulky residue. There is nothing for the lower bowel to grip. Once the bowel-muscles find this happening, they relax. They lose "tone." They get more and more unwilling, more and more unable, to work. But give them "bulk" regularly, and they respond regularly. All-Bran provides bulk naturally. You know nothing about it—but your bowel-muscles do. You become "regular."

Kellogg's All-Bran is ready-to-eat. It is the rich outer-layers of wheat, oven-toasted with sugar, salt and malt flavouring, to a delicious, nutty crispness. All grocers have it.

NEW WONDERFUL year-round fitness for LESS THAN ONE PENNY AND LESS THAN ONE MINUTE every day!

WHAT'S YOUR LINE?

A VITAL OPPORTUNITY FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS

RESOLVE NOW to take this LOW-COST WAY to BETTER PROSPECTS—BIGGER PAY!

Here, at amazingly low cost within reach of ALL, is KNOWLEDGE WORTH HUNDREDS OF POUNDS—the vital know-how YOU need to get AHEAD! Experts, with years of experience, have packed each vital volume with practical guidance and detailed illustrations, making each point crystal-clear. Whatever YOUR line of work or study you will get LIFELONG BENEFIT. Here is OPPORTUNITY—GRASP IT NOW! No immediate cash is needed. If desired, books can be obtained on a very convenient "Book-a-month" purchase plan. Choose your book or books IMMEDIATELY—note 100% Satisfaction or No Charge GUARANTEE below—and post the form AT ONCE!

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

Summer face of Yarmouth: on the pier, actress Phyllis Cardew poses with comedian Ben Warris on her left, and her husband on her right. Behind Warris is Jimmy Jewel. Each year, a mighty effort accomplishes the transformation: venerable fishing port into rollicking, jam-packed resort

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Harry Hopkins reports from *YARMOUTH*

"This," wrote Charles Dickens, in a letter from Yarmouth, "is the strangest place in the whole wide world." The great man may have been extravagant, as usual. Yet, walking from prom to quay, it is possible still to see what he meant

THE HERRING AND HOLIDAY BOOM TOWN

YARMOUTH, a town built upon a sandbank formed across the estuary of three rivers, hangs down from the great bulge of Norfolk like the tail from the rear of an elephant. The sandbank is long and narrow, like the island of Manhattan; and so, like New York, the town is formed of long thoroughfares running north and south, intersected by short cross-streets, between river and sea.

Masts and funnels rise alongside the town hall which, to complete the picture, has a hint of Scandinavia in its architecture. The inland side of the sandbank is edged by old grey quays, stretching from the heart of the town for three miles to the small harbour (built in 1560 by Joas Johnson, a Dutchman) where Yarmouth's three rivers, the Yare, the Bure, and the Waveney, find their way into the sea.

Here is one Yarmouth, Daniel Defoe's and Robinson Crusoe's, a Yarmouth with old town walls of black flints and, looking out on the busy quays, just as they do in Amsterdam, stately old merchants' houses where the parliamentary cabals once met in secret to debate the fate of Charles Stuart, late King of England.

But turn up one of the Yarmouth "Rows"—the famous cross-streets, no wider than a man's outstretched arms, and numbered 1 to 150 before the bombing—and continue westwards far beyond the limits of

Yarmouth's other face. The drifters line up at the quay; the "swills" are piled high. But facing the fishermen is a new, formidable question:

the old town wall, and down one of the draughty nondescript streets that lead to the seaward shore of the sandbank and suddenly, as the "Rock Specialists" and "Lugworm Kings" and "Chips-and-Fish-to-take-away" shops come thicker and faster, you are in a Yarmouth very different: six miles of concrete, laid down along the ocean, white and straight and uniform, as if squeezed from a tube.

Yarmouth is a town of two faces, and to each accords its due season. January sees the beginnings of a transformation scene by which Yarmouth, the venerable fishing-port, turns into Yarmouth, the rollicking jam-packed seaside resort; by which the Yarmouth of a Britain of seven million people (1750 or thereabouts) gives way to the Great Yarmouth of a Britain of fifty millions and holidays-with-pay; by which King Tripper ousts King Herring.

Quart Into A Pint Pot

Each succeeding January, the process beginning, Albert Larwood pores over the calendar in his little office with the frosted glass inquiry window, just to the right of the door in the Windsor private hotel. Neat little stacks of opened envelopes stand on the desk in front of him. Bookings have been getting earlier and earlier since the war, but despite official appeals most are still for July and August, when Yarmouth is 60,000 places short. All down Wellesley Road outside, a hundred other boarding house proprietors are wrestling with such quart-into-pint-pot problems. Soon, they will be facing another, equally perennial: how to find—and hold—a reliable chef.

Most of Larwood's guests come from the Midlands. Some, indeed, have been coming to Yarmouth, year after year, all their lives, and Larwood can point to youngsters, sitting on the kerb in his earliest group photographs, who have now graduated to the back row, with children of their own on the kerb. For such regulars, Yarmouth has two great assets: its wide sands, and its tangy east coast air. But in laying claim to the title of the "Blackpool of the East Coast," the place struggles against one powerful handicap: its remoteness in the great East Anglian bay window, separated from its industrial hinterland by vast, empty, wind-swept spaces, with only the straight line of the horizon to divide earth and sky.

Fairground On Sticks

In January the long promenade is as bleak and deserted as Siberia, and about as cold. But, all the time, unseen, behind closed doors, the preparations go ahead. At her berth beside the town hall, the 260-passenger Norwich Belle is re-decking. Her skipper, Albert Dawkins, a cheery little ex-fisherman from Caister ("where the lifeboat never turns back") is currently up-river with the sister ship, the Hotspur, preparing to raise the three coal barges which sank in a storm in Breydon Water, en route for Norwich. On such salvage and repair jobs, Dawkins and the other pleasure steamer skippers and crews keep going through the winter.

In his office at the top of the iron steps at the seaward end of Britannia Pier, general manager Bryan Meredith, a big, square man with horn-rims and that affluent look that goes with Entertainment Big Business, is concerting his plans for the season. The days are gone, alas, when a stroll down the pier offered thrill enough; these days, says Meredith, a pier has to be a fairground on sticks. Soon there will be a couple of hundred workers to be hired, to man the theatre, the ballroom, the 1,000-seater restaurant, the bars and milk-bars, the Dodgems and the speed-boats.

Below, Harry Sell, the electrical engineer, who has been working around Britannia pier for twenty-five years, and can find every fuse-box blindfold, sets to work to extend the "illuminations" which already outline the main buildings. But he won't be able to take his lights to the end of the pier, because that, by Trinity House regulation, must be left clear for the green light signal for shipping. Harry Sell is not likely to overlook that green light. One night recently, he was hauled from his bed at 4.30 a.m. to go down into the water and repair its broken cable.

For deck foreman Alec Peck, also, there's lots to do; but "Dover," the pier's sixty-three year old fireman, still finds things mercifully slack. Dover, who comes, in fact, from Whitstable and owns the name of Barber, was seventeen years with the London Fire Brigade and has seen some pretty good blazes in his time. But piers, which are tinder-boxes, need nothing more than they need a good fireman. In fact, the Yarmouth Pier Pavilion has burned down three times—and in 1914 the theatre was triumphantly fired by the suffragettes.

Key Man Of Fireworks

So every midnight through the season, after the crowds have gone home, Dover hoses down the decks as a safeguard against any still-smouldering cigarette end. On firework nights he appears in a more dramatic rôle, touching off the rockets and set-pieces from the fishing deck.

With the approach of April the tempo rises. Borough engineer Harold Dyson gives the word for the lifting of the Iron Curtain—the three and a half mile wall of corrugated iron sheeting which, through the winter months, has formed a shield against the fine sand, eroded from farther up the coast, piling up yearly on the Yarmouth sandbank. Last year, he gave the word a little too early—and a sandstorm put so much sand in the town's drains, gardens, swimming pool and promenade buildings that it cost £2,500 to get the place free again. "Once

Are the herring shoals about to migrate again ?

it starts blowing," says Dyson, "nothing will stop it. It gets in your ears, in your mouth, in the pockets of your suit. . . . It's a curse!"

Whitsuntide fires the starting gun. Expectant crowds surge from the three stations, pour down the long streets to the sea; on Meredith's pier the turnstiles begin to clank with the advance guard of the season's 70,000 "stayers" and 500,000 "dayers" (the corporation's own polite, patented distinction); and Skipper Dawkins takes the Norwich Belle down the river and out into the sea for the first "Close View of Scroby Island and Caister."

Great "Sit Down" Battle

If the day is fine, Ernest Blake will leave his neat cottage behind the silk mill early to get his deck-chairs deployed on his two sites on the beach, strategically placed near Britannia Pier. There are always the clients who launch gratefully into a "good sit down" about 9.30 a.m.—and hardly stir till tea-time. Tickets are now up to fourpence—but up, too, is the cost of a deck-chair which, from four shillings before the war, has now risen to twenty-four shillings.

There were something like a hundred of these "private enterprise" deck-chair proprietors spread out along the beach before the war. But competition was apt to be bellicose, and now, as the old site-lessees retire, the corporation takes over. There are still fourteen old hands left, renting for yearly payments ranging from £15 to £100 a variety of sites, each sixty feet wide, but ten or twenty times as deep. The sea never covers the sands at Yarmouth.

"Lovely sea trip, sir! This way to see the seals, ma'am! Landing on Scroby Island"! Scroby Island is probably the Yarmouth boatman's best card—a long, low sandbank, not unlike that on which Yarmouth itself is built, rising out of the sea a short distance from the shore. Between Scroby sandbank and the shore lie Yarmouth Roads, where Robinson Crusoe's ship sought refuge from the storm, and where, still, when a gale is blowing, as many as thirty ships may be seen seeking shelter.

Around 1922, after a long period of submergence, and an equally long period of disputes over rights to the wrecks cast up, Scroby Sands again emerged from the waves, thus enabling the local boatmen to do a roaring trade running people out there to walk upon the sandbank, and to inspect the sea-birds and the seals. The seals, it appears, also like to inspect people, and if there has been no shooting lately, it is possible to get within twenty yards of them. In fact, Henri Beales caught a couple of young ones by throwing a tarpaulin over them; he brought them back in his boat, and they are now in the Brighton Aquarium.

It Paid To Look Forlorn

Everyone on the Front knows Henri Beales. A small round man, with a beaming face, he has been on the beach ever since, as a little boy, he started running to fetch "jumble" (porter and stout mixed) for the ice cream man in return for the odd cornet. He can show you a yellowing picture of himself in those days, with long flowing locks, a sailor suit, gumboots (even then), a boat hook—and a forlorn look. The forlorn look was wholly professional. For Henri used to go out with one of the boatmen, who would address him as "Usuambere"—just why he never found out—telling the passengers that he was an orphan picked out of the sea from a foreign wreck. "That's the boy I saved, ma'am" the boatman would say at the proper moment, pointing to the forlorn Henri. "You know what boatmen are," says Beales amiably.

These days, old Henri has left the beach to keep a pub just back of the jetty, and young Henri has taken over the two boats, the Primrose and the Girl Madge II. "Yarmouth oughter been a bay," says Old Henri, sagely. "If the weather's bad, what with your ten guineas to the corporation for your frontage, your three guineas to the Ministry of Transport's surveyor, and the price of petrol, you almost end the season in debt."

In any case, he adds, the small boat business is on the way out. Why? Too much competition. All those big boats, the steamers. In the meantime, and out of season, young Henri keeps going with shrimping, setting whelk pots, and a bit of longshore fishing—although the fish, which used to be so plentiful, have been scarce enough for some years now.

According to Clara Peggotty, whose opinion is duly recorded in *David Copperfield,* it was "well-known that Yarmouth, was, upon the whole, the finest place in the Universe." In return for this remarkable piece of world-wide publicity, Yarmouth has named a street after the old lady, but has done very little else. However, in the museum of the Shipwrecked Sailors' Home, a square, grey stone building planted down, a little incongruously, on the promenade, they'll show you a bit of old timber claimed to be a piece of Mr. Peggotty's celebrated hut.

Mystery Of Its Origin

Just how this historic lump of wood came here is as complete a mystery as the origin of the mummified human hand just inside the door, of the "Squirrels' Tea Party" down in the corner, or the Indian Scalp across the room; but it is, of course, known that Charles Dickens stayed at the Royal Hotel in 1848 and went across to chat with James Sharman, custodian of the new Nelson column, who had lived in an odd sort of hut there while the monument was building.

For twenty weeks the season lasts, while Britannia, atop the column, turns her back on the long lines of caravans, stretching down the seafront almost to the harbour, looks away from the jetty where Nelson landed after the Nile and Copenhagen, and gazes inland, over the

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Summer skipper Albert Dawkins enjoys a joke on the Norwich Belle—one of the lures for Yarmouth's half million "dayers"

Winter skipper George Foreman aboard the Star of Bethlehem. His whole life revolves around the herring's mysterious impulses

A job for the Devil

by **STUART CLOETE**

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

What a girl she'd been! What times they'd had together! It seemed like a golden dream—those days before he met the Devil

THE OLD MAN WALKED INTO TOWN every Saturday with a flour sack to buy his groceries—coffee, sugar, Boer meal, salt, cooking fat and a little bag of Boer tobacco.

He called it town, but it wasn't really. It was a dorp, and a small one at that. Forty-odd houses, a store; a hotel rather larger than one would expect, because people came to Strumans Baai from Capetown in the summer for the fishing, and apart from the bar trade, which was fair all the year round, commercial travellers on their rounds through the countryside used the place a lot. It was cheap, clean and the food was better than it is at most country hotels.

That was how Dick Winters had heard of the place. Quiet and cheap, a good place for a rest. Away from it all. And that was true enough. It was; and fed by a road that even in South Africa was considered second class. To hell and gone, the city slickers called it.

Dick Winters wrote a column for a London paper. The paper had given him a kind of roving commission—trip round the world "and pick up what stories you can in out-of-the-way places." He'd done Australia and India. He was in Africa now, on his way back. He was wondering if he'd been right about a story, when he saw an old chap coming down the road with a big red bull mastiff at his heels. When he stopped, the dog stopped, and they both stopped every few yards to greet someone, to take a look round or maybe just to rest, because the man was old—seventy-odd anyway—and the dog wasn't young any more.

Dick Winters was talking to a commercial traveller he'd met, when he saw the old man.

"If you want a story, there's one there," the traveller said. "There's a story in old Jack and Baby."

"Baby?" Winters said.

"Sure," the man said, "the dog. Got him as a tiny pup and raised him. They were going to knock him off. His mother had too big a litter, and old Jack took him and raised him on condensed milk. That's why he called him Baby. Least, that's the story they tell here. Quite a character, old Jack. Lives in the wilds back there." He pointed to where a shoulder of the mountains ran down to the sea. "In a cave on the cliff, they say. Like to have seen it, but twice five is ten, and ten miles is too much for me."

EACH week old Jack found the trip a little longer and had to rest more. Specially going home loaded. Funny the way the distance lengthened with age. Five miles—ten miles, that is—had been nothing when first he'd come here twenty years ago. When Mr. De Lange had said, "I've got a farm you can live on"—any piece of land's a farm in Africa. "Very wild," he'd said, "and I'd like someone on the place. Fish, make a little garden," he said.

And he'd taken him up on it. The place had just suited him. Since Gert had died he had wanted to be alone. No one else seemed very real to him, with her gone. He'd lost touch with the children, too. Little Jack was a mining engineer. She'd seen to it that he had a proper education. He'd gone to the States. And later little Gert had followed him. Little Jack indeed; why, now he'd have grown-up kids and grandchildren, maybe. He'd be married all right. Always one for the girls, he'd been. And if you chased girls, one of them got you in the end. How often had he said that to Gert? "One of 'em'll get him, Gert. Poor chap. Thinks he's hunting 'em just because they run. Wonderful thing, the spoor they leave when they run. Never heard of a chap losing a girl. When a woman runs, she always leaves a good trail."

Well, if he had a wife he'd have kids, and by now the kids would have kids, all in the twinkling of an eye, as it were. Why, it seemed only the day before yesterday they'd been playing around his legs—every evening, coming in, he'd lift up the boy high in the air, the girl clutching his trousers; and always, of course, Gert sitting there, waiting for him, sewing and smiling.

Gert had always written to them. Then, at first after she'd gone, he'd got people to write for him. But it was always someone different. He'd not wanted to bother the same people, and then he'd stopped altogether because he thought the letters in different hands might embarrass the boy. Having a dad who couldn't write might set him back a bit. And that was before he'd come here, when he'd been drifting. Think I'm dead, I'll bet, he thought, and not far wrong, either. Three score and ten, and then a few. Reasonable to think me dead.

They'd written for a long time, but sometimes the letters never found him. So, even if they thought he might be alive, they'd not know where he was. That was funny to think of. All the long string of days, all the events of begetting them and having 'em born, the anxiety and the raising of 'em, and then nothing. Just a house that was more cave than house, and the cats and hens and Baby. Well, that was the end of it. The end of the long story of his life, of his love.

"Come here, Baby," he said to the dog. "This is where we say goodbye." He picked up the rifle

HE sat down to rest again. The old dog came and put his head on his knee and stared into his face with golden eyes.

He patted his head. "Gets a bit longer each time, Baby," he said. "Longer and longer, don't it?" The dog thumped the loose sand of the track with his tail.

"And what'll we do when we can't make it any more?" The dog wagged his tail again.

Jack got up and picked the sack off the ground. Road longer, bag heavier each time, he thought. He thought back to the time when he could lift a two-hundred-pound sack of

mealies on to his shoulder, to when he could walk thirty miles over the veldt and not feel it.

The present was much less to him than the past. They merged, but they were sort of muddled in his mind, as if the whole affair of life was turned over some way, with today way at the bottom, and the days and nights with Gert on top. What a girl she'd been! He saw her with her long black hair, flashing brown eyes, her quick step. He saw her as she'd been when he courted her, not as she'd been when she died. Under fifty, but tired, worn with the hardships of life, with sacrifice. But Gert was never old and worn to him—always lovely, like a flower, like a March lily growing on the hillside. That was Gert.

Only two miles more. But what would happen when the money was done? He'd put enough aside to live to seventy-five. Then, when he'd seen he was going to live longer, he'd scrimped on it. But scrimp as you like, you can't spend the same money twice. There was his small pension, of course, but that wasn't enough, even for him. And the time would come when he couldn't fish or hunt any more. As it was, he couldn't afford lines and hooks. But folks were good to him. They said: "Here's some old hooks, Jack. Points gone, but maybe you can sharpen 'em up a bit." When he got home and opened the envelope, not wanting to do it in front of them, he'd find the hooks were brand new. Took them back, of course. "Must have made a mistake," he'd say, "them's new hooks," and the man'd say: "I've got plenty of hooks. You better keep 'em." Lines were the same; so were lots of other things.

More than twenty years he'd been here. More than twenty since he found the cave in the cliff and put a door on and built the chimney. Plenty of driftwood in the cove below him and lots of fish, too. Now he couldn't land the big ones, but Baby did it. He'd taught him. Work 'em round till they were near the little beach, and then Baby'd go into the sea and close his big jaws on 'em and bring 'em in. His bulldog jaws that never let go of anything they closed on. Fish was what he'd raised old Baby on—condensed milk, fish, bread and potatoes, with very little meat—and a fine dog he'd grown to be. Twelve for a dog must be near seventy in a man.

He thought of his cave. Of how welcome the cool shade of it would be. He thought of its convenience. There was a trickling spring at the back of it for water. An old cave it was. Bushmen and *strandloopers* had lived there once. He'd cleaned out a big midden of shells from it—clams and black mussels and the remains of a big kind of abalone shell. There'd been bones, too—buck bones and tortoise—and he'd found bits of pottery, and a bone needle, and a digging stone with a hole in it. Often as he dozed he thought of the strange, wild people who'd lived in it long before the white man came. Thought of them making love, of them cooking over a smoky fire. Why, when he'd cleaned the place up, you could smell that old smoke in the ashes. But Gert wouldn't have liked it. No place for a woman, a cave wasn't. But Gert would have made a plan. Nothing went wrong when Gert was alive.

It had been a mistake to drink when she'd gone, but somehow when he was drunk he was near her. Sometimes he heard her voice and even saw her. That was how he'd lost the farm. And only then, after the sale, had he pulled himself together and figured out how to live. There was enough, if he was careful and drew it out a bit at a time, to last till he was seventy-five. That was long enough. No need to figure further than that. At fifty, seventy-five was a long way off—nearer than at thirty, but still a long way. Time didn't work right, according to arithmetic. Oh, yes, he could figure a bit; it was just writing

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As he came in, the children rushed to greet him. The little girl clung to his trousers and he took the boy and lifted him into the air. His wife sat sewing close by, watching and waiting

Jimmy Young makes his name with a song

by JOHN ENNIS

It was called "Too Young"—and Jimmy had a hunch it was meant for him. Swooning fans and £400 a week have proved him right

A SMALL, POWERFULLY BUILT MAN with wavy brown hair and an open, boyish face ran from the stage door of a Glasgow theatre to his parked car, chased by a crowd of young men and girls. He scrambled into the driving seat, but before he could close the door his pursuers were pushing in after him.

Pressed forward by the others, a girl was leaning toward him, her shoulders gripped from behind by her boy friend. "Kiss her," the lad demanded.

"It seemed a queer thing for anybody to force his girl to do," says Jimmy Young, the singer. "I looked at her face, expecting to see an expression of outraged protest. Her eyes were closed, her lips pursed. The door of my car was groaning on its hinges. There was only one thing to do. I kissed her. And I had to kiss all the girls before they let me drive away."

Jimmy Young is the only British singer, apart from Donald Peers, who has come near to arousing the hysteria among his fans that Frank Sinatra created among teenage Americans. "He dare not leave his car near a theatre unless it is spotlessly clean," says his wife, Sally. "If there is any dust on it, we come out to find intertwined hearts and phrases like 'Jimmy, we love you' scrawled on the bodywork. We wouldn't mind, but it leaves scratches on the cellulose."

On a recent visit to a chocolate factory, Young entered a vast room where hundreds of girls were working. They left their machines and rushed at him. "They chased me up the room. I can't push women away," says Young, a one-time rugby player. "I just have to smile while they pull bits off my clothing." Four men formed a barrier while he retreated, first into a corner, and then into private offices where the girls could not follow.

Turned Out In Sailor Hats

When he visited another factory he was given permission by the manager of the theatre where he was appearing to sing just one song. In the canteen, he found half the eight hundred girls wearing American sailor hats with the names of songs he has recorded stencilled on the brims. "They knew I was coming only two hours before," he says. "What could I do? I was still singing forty minutes later."

When Young sings it is not only his female fans who lose their heads. One night, at a theatre in North London, two gangs of youths fought a pitched battle in the gallery when Jimmy asked the audience what they would like him to sing, and the toughs could not agree. An attendant was knocked out in the scuffle, and for the rest of the week policemen stood in the gallery.

Not all his admirers react so strongly to his singing. For every one of the lunatic fringe there are hundreds who quietly enjoy his work, and Young likes to dissuade the more eccentric by choosing an exceptionally mushy song and poking fun at it each time he does his stage act. He once explained, "I don't believe in treating popular songs as if they were the 'Hallelujah Chorus.'"

He is unable to account for the popularity of his soft-toned, West Country voice, which has brought him fortune as well as fame in just over four years. On variety tours he tops the bill and earns £400 a week. His records sell more than those of any other British male singer. At the beginning of this year he went for a holiday to America and earned nearly £6,000 by accepting invitations to sing in thirty-five radio and television shows in three weeks. After broadcasting hundreds of times in other people's programmes, he has now begun two series at the same time for the B.B.C., one as a disc-jockey and the other as star of his own show, *Treble Chance*.

"Corny—But A Happy Bloke"

After singing and playing the piano in canteen shows while he was a physical training sergeant in the wartime R.A.F., Young took a job in London as accountant to a chain of hairdressing shops. Wanting more strings to his bow, he applied to the B.B.C. for an audition and to the Ministry of Education for training as a teacher. Meanwhile, he spent most of his lunch hours in the offices of song publishers and theatrical agents, or pestering producers at the B.B.C. where, after his audition, he was told, "It only remains to fit you into a show."

In 1949, while still doing his daytime job, he was paid £15 to play and sing for a week with a dance band in a West End night club in South Molton Street. For a fortnight he practised the varied rhythms he knew he would have to play. "I must have had a terrific nerve, but I survived the week," he recalls. "People would come up to me and say 'play a samba.' Under my breath I would murmur, 'Samba?—mm, chi chi; mm, chi chi—oh, yes, samba . . .'" and off we would go. I drank more than usual to keep up my nerve, and the other boys in the band said, 'He's corny, but never mind, he's a happy bloke.'"

Later he had a more regular job in another club. One evening a party of four came in, and one of the two women repeatedly asked for her favourite tunes to be played. After hammering the piano for hours, Jimmy was hot and tired. While he was sweating away at "Tiger Rag" the woman made a further request. "Go away and dance, and leave the playing to me," he replied. Without a word, she went back to her table.

A few minutes later, the club manager came to the stand, rubbing his hands and beaming. "We've got Royalty in tonight, boys," he told the musicians. "We're away."

"Where are they?" Young asked him. The manager pointed to the party Jimmy had snubbed. Young turned sleepily to the keyboard and played a few mournful chords. "We're away all right," he told the manager.

About this time he was offered a job at a Thames-side club at Hampton Court. One evening at this club, eighteen months after Jimmy's fruitless audition at Broadcasting House, George Inns, a B.B.C. producer, heard him sing, and offered him a broadcast. A day or two later a letter arrived from the Ministry of Education, telling him that his application for training had been accepted. Jimmy tore up the letter, and resigned his accountancy job. In the following two years he broadcast 150 times.

Married The Girl He Replaced

After he had sung with one band, the bandleader asked the regular singer, Sally Douglas, what she thought of him. Sally was enthusiastic, and her praise so impressed the bandleader that, in his next series of broadcasts, he put Young into her place. Soon afterwards she and Jimmy were married. "It was the least I could do after pinching her job," Young says now.

In 1951, Young began making records for a small independent company. One dark winter's afternoon he took a pile of his records to a large office building where he was to play them to a visiting executive of a big American recording firm. He had with him his own portable record player and, too excited to remember to check on the suitability of the office's electricity supply, he plugged into the nearest light socket. "There was a great bang," he says. "The lights of the whole building went out. The American executive went out. And I was out."

One morning he was sitting up in bed when

Fans swarm round for Jimmy Young's autograph.

To dissuade the more eccentric, he pokes gentle fun at the mushy songs that send them into hysterics

The voice in action: it started a battle one night

Sally brought in the mail. It included the music of a new song called "Too Young." The connection with his name caught their attention, and Jimmy began singing the song, sight-reading from the copy in his hand. "He gagged it, and I thought it was an awful song," Sally confesses. "But Jimmy insisted it was good, and he recorded it."

Disc That Broke A Record

The record made his name, and today he uses "Too Young" as his theme song. He is unable to say why the record sold 130,000 copies compared with the recording company's previous top sale of seven thousand for one record, but the *Music Trades Review* came near to an explanation. "'Too Young' is a delightful protest which will be relished by youth of either sex," the paper declared. "It is put over with such quiet conviction and persuasiveness that even the old who grumble at and criticize young people may be led to scratch their heads and wonder."

Young's success gave him the idea that he needed an expert hand to guide him. He asked an experienced publicity man, Jack Worrow, if he would become his manager.

Worrow remembers the day Young first came into his office. "He was wearing an American-style raincoat with a tight belt and padded shoulders. I said, 'All right, but first throw away that raincoat.' He seemed surprised, but he agreed. Then I said, 'And don't wear brown shoes with a blue suit.' He looked down at his shoes, and asked me, 'Is that wrong?' I found he had little interest in clothes. The only thing he really wanted to spend his money on was the fastest car he could buy. But I managed to convince him that his appearance was important. I still shudder at the midnight-blue evening suit he wears on the stage, but he insists that the teenagers like it, and I suppose he is right."

One day they were motoring to a show at Bridlington when Jimmy, unshaven and wearing a roll-necked pullover, insisted on stopping to eat. "It was just about the swankiest hotel in Yorkshire," Worrow recalls. "The waiters tried to ignore us, and I could hear well-dressed county people at other tables saying, 'trippers, I suppose.' Jimmy didn't notice. He just went on eating happily."

Young's appetite amazes his friends. Unlike most stage people, he eats a huge meal before a show. "He begins to glower as he gets hungry," says his wife, "but when he eats, his face is like the rising sun."

Jimmy Young was born on September 21, 1921, in Cinderford, Gloucestershire, the son of a miner. His mother taught him to play the piano when he was seven years old, and he also sang in the choir at Gloucester Cathedral. Here he was given special training by Dr. Sumsion, the organist and choirmaster there. Jimmy then won a scholarship to East Green Grammar School, but though he matriculated at fifteen, he was unable to continue his education because his parents could not afford it.

He began work for a local baker, then went to South Wales to work as an electrician for £3 10s. a week. In 1939 he joined the R.A.F. as a trainee pilot, but an illness prevented him from flying. He was good at boxing and rugby football and at the end of the war was asked to play professionally for Wigan.

Reads Direct From Music

Jimmy believes his early musical training is the main reason for his success. "I was amazed to discover that many singers of popular songs could not read music," he says. When he sings a new song, he reads it direct from the music sheet. "I never listen to a record of somebody else singing it," he says. "So my interpretation is, at any rate, always original."

Working with a small recording company taught him more than the average star knows about recording technique. When he moved over to the powerful Decca company he was listening to the first playback of one of his records one day, and irked the technicians by telling them, "The strings of the orchestra are too far forward." The experts swallowed their wrath, because he was right.

Despite his swift success, Jimmy Young had his disappointments while he was trying to break into show business. He was once offered £15 for a week's engagement at a seaside town on the south coast. He found he could manage it if he left work at 4 p.m., travelled to the twice-nightly show, then rose each morning to be back at his office at 9 a.m.

Artists Had Not Been Paid

When he first arrived at the little seaside theatre, he found people dashing about and shouting, "Where's the mike?" "My typewriter has gone," "They've taken everything." He learned that the artists from the previous week's show had not been paid, and they had taken every movable object from the building as compensation. He went on stage and introduced himself. Immediately he was laden with sheet music. "You have to accompany everybody," he was told. "You are the orchestra."

"But I came here to sing," he countered.

"Oh, you sing as well," said the manager.

For the rest of that week, when he was not working in London, travelling in trains, or snatching a four-hour sleep, Young played the piano in the orchestra pit for two performances each night. When his own turn came, he played the introductory music in the pit, then, while a compère announced his act, he crawled through a hole under the stage, ran up a flight of steps, and was sitting, panting but smiling, at the piano on the stage as the curtain rose.

"We played to no more than twelve people on any night," Jimmy remembers. "The manager would bring them up from the back to the more expensive front seats, just to make the place more cosy. Whenever people tell me I have come up fast and had an easy time, I tell them the story of that week by the sea.

"By the way, the manager came to us on the Saturday night and said, 'No money.' I never *have* been paid for that engagement." THE END

THE GALLANT PROFESSOR

by ***BARRY PEROWNE***

He was too courteous a young man to ask her such a favour. But if he did something for her family, something brave, something heroic . . .

IT HAD BEEN a good dinner. Henry Bow tilted the last precious inch of wine from the bottle into his glass, hitched back his chair from the ponderous table, began comfortably to roll himself a cigarette.

He was thirty-five, a tall, wiry, meditative man, a history don on holiday. Academic gowns and droning lecture-rooms were remote from this lonely old inn in a Portuguese countryside, and Henry wore grey flannels, an old khaki shirt, an older tweed jacket and dusty brogues. On the red-tiled floor beside him lay his knapsack and his debilitated felt hat.

He was spending his long vacation in his usual manner, exploring the sites of bygone battles. The hills which he could see in the distance through the inn window were the Torres Vedras, the line which Wellington had fortified and from which he had greatly irritated Marshal Soult by a campaign of sudden sortie and discreet retreat.

Henry had spent the past four days wandering in those arid hills. Now, behind their serrated summits, the red welter of sunset was fading. To the one large room of the inn here, dusk already had come. Henry struck a match. It was like the bursting of a tiny bomb in the gloom, lighting his lean face and grey eyes as he dipped his cigarette in the flame and glanced at an old oaken box which stood on the white-washed window-sill.

He had noticed that box, and had examined it unobtrusively, the moment he entered the inn. The box, standing on the sill between pots of scarlet geraniums, was scarred and worm-holed, shaped like the top of a schoolboy's desk, with a sloping lid which opened on wrought-iron hinges. Henry knew it to be a "mule box," so called because an article of the kind once had been an invariable part of the equipment carried by headquarters baggage mules. Sacred to the use of commanding generals, on such boxes dispatches had been penned, and orders scribbled in the heat of action, which had made history.

ALTHOUGH in most ways an unacquisitive man, Henry Bow had one weak spot. His college rooms bore witness to it. They were full of odd things which, chanced on in his wanderings in the byways of history, had associations with great figures of the past. He was slightly ashamed of his collector's instinct, but it was irresistible. It had kindled strongly in him when he had examined the mule box on the inn window-sill.

For days his thoughts had been dominated, as once these scrub-covered Portuguese hills had been dominated, by the figure of a gaunt, imperturbable, eagle-beaked general, plainly spoken, plainly garbed in a grey campaign greatcoat, a cocked hat without plumes. The Duke! Through interminable months he had

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Handing him his coffee, she said: "The Duke stayed in this house. Some of his things were left here." It was just what he wanted to know

Henry lifted the old man. Eyes streaming, sweat pouring off him, he plunged forward through smoke and flames

fought back and forth across this countryside. It might well be that, at some time, with his staff, he had quartered in this old inn. And if he had. . . .

Henry looked at the mule box. A core of excitement tightened in him. He glanced towards the far end of the room.

Where he sat was the parlour end, furnished with the ponderous table, an equally ponderous wardrobe-like cupboard, and high-backed chairs ranged round the whitewashed walls. The other end, down two broad steps, was the kitchen. Bundles of herbs, garlic and onions hung from the rafters; copper cooking utensils on the walls winked ruddily in the glow from the charcoal stove.

A woman was fanning the charcoal with a plaited-leaf fan. She was a young woman, dark and attractive. With one slim hand, she held back the black lace head-veil from her cheek. A second woman, grey-haired, with a wrinkled, handsome face, was lighting an oil-lamp. Fitting on the chimney, she carried the lamp up the two steps, placed it on the checked cloth laid at Henry's end of the table. Carefully, she turned up the wick. The younger woman followed, bringing coffee. She called the older woman Aunt, and the older woman called her Sanchia.

"You have dined well, *senhór?*" Sanchia asked Henry.

"Never better," Henry assured her. "And I was never readier for it!"

"When one is hungry, any dinner is princely," Sanchia said modestly. She glanced at him, her eyes dark, lustrous, her smile grave and charming. "You speak our language well, *senhór.*"

"Like this, like that," said Henry idiomatically. He didn't mention that he read *The Lusiads* in the original; he, too, had his modesty. Watching her deft hands in the lamplight, pouring his coffee, he wondered how to lead up to the matter of the mule box without revealing the cloven hoof of the collector. "Your countryside here is full of history," he said. That was the don in him, his better self. The collector, baser, prompted cunningly: "Your house, too, no doubt?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "It is a very old house. It's always been in our family. It's seen much history, *senhór.* In the war of liberation, the English general who afterwards defeated Napoleon and became the great Duke of Wellington—he almost was seized in this house by the French *cuirassiers.* It was on one of his sorties, before Santarém. He made his headquarters here. It was a narrow escape. Some of his things were left. It was a man of my own family who brought the warning. Who knows? If he had been captured——"

A door opened at the kitchen end of the room. She glanced round over her shoulder, took up her tray. "Excuse me, *senhór,*" she said.

Two men had come in. Henry was less annoyed by the interruption than he might have been. Sanchia had confirmed what he already had guessed: that Wellington had been quartered here; and he wanted, acutely, to fetch the mule box from the window-sill, set it in the lamplight on the table here, and gloat over it. But he dared not. He wanted to buy it. He must approach the matter circumspectly.

Yet what was the good of circumspection? Wellington loomed as a great figure in Portuguese history. These people might well value that mule box as an heirloom, never dream of selling it.

A thumping sound from the kitchen end of the room made him glance in that direction. A lamp had been lighted there, and the two women, and the two men who had come in, were sitting at dinner. Of the two men, one was young, so much like Sanchia that he obviously was her brother. The other was short, sturdy, with a walnut face, a bullet head stubbled over with grey. He was thumping the table with his fist.

"Never!" he said. "Never as long as I live! The inn and the quarry were willed equally to the four of us. Neither part nor whole can be sold without the agreement of all four. I've told you before, and I tell you again—no stick or stone will be sold under pressure to that foreigner except over my dead body!"

The word "foreigner" suspended Henry's cigarette halfway to his lips.

The grey-haired woman whom Sanchia called Aunt said: "You young people might as well save your breath. You won't change your Uncle Pedro."

"He's right, of course," Sanchia's brother said. "I don't like the idea of giving in to the man any more than the rest of you. But he's got the whip hand. I manage the quarry, and the simple truth is that there's no stone left to work unless we can buy the adjoining ground. We shall have to close down, which'll mean half the village out of work, including me. Sylva owns the adjoining ground, and we know that, far from selling it, he's using it as a lever to compel *us* to sell both the inn and quarry to *him.* He's rich. He'll pay a good price. Like it or not, if we can't work the quarry, what can we do but sell?"

"Over my dead body!" shouted Uncle Pedro. "You can't sell without my agreement, and I'll see us all starve before I agree to sell to this rifle-shooting adventurer Sylva, who's come here with his dirty money from abroad to set himself up as a lord of the manor!"

Sanchia's brother said wearily: "Well, you'd better go and talk to him yourself, Uncle Pedro."

Uncle Pedro thumped the table. "I will, then! I'll go over the hill to him tomorrow afternoon. If I can't make him sell us that bit of ground, then, by heaven, I'll make him understand that he'll never buy an inch of *our* ground while I'm alive!"

Sanchia said something to him, softly. He threw a choleric glance in Henry's direction. Obviously she had reminded him of the presence of a stranger under their roof. Uncle Pedro subsided, grumbling, and reached for the wine carafe. Sanchia came to clear Henry's table. He could no more have brought up the question of buying the mule box, after what he had just heard, than he could have flown. It seemed to him that the circumstances hardly could have been more unfortunate.

Yet that night he dreamed a dream. He dreamed he performed a singular service for the family at the inn, and they were so grateful that Sanchia insisted on giving him the Duke of Wellington's mule box. He woke up woolly as to the details of the service he had performed, but feeling a great sense of satisfaction. This faded when he realized it was only a dream, and turned to disgust when he further realized how typically it was a collector's dream, a dream from his baser nature.

All the same, as he dunked his bread in his bowl of breakfast chocolate, at the ponderous table, and looked at the mule box standing between the potted geraniums on the window-sill, he decided not to go on to Lisbon this

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Grabbing the rifle from Sylva, he pulled back the bolt. He had to see that cartridge inside

morning, as he had intended, but to spend the day in the hills. It was not that his dream had influenced him in any way; the don in him scoffed at the very idea. It was just that it was too good a day to spend sitting in a reeking bus, and besides—

"Oh, hell," said Henry, reached for his hat, and strolled out into the burning sunshine.

A narrow, dust-white road, clumped along the edge with prickly pear and aloe, ran past the inn. To the left, the road dipped down to a hollow where the village lay; to the right, it climbed the side of a hill. Up there he could see the great bite which the quarry had taken out of the hillside. He set off in that direction with his long stride and slight, scholarly stoop. Except for a couple of men at work in the quarry, the countryside seemed deserted, shimmered over by heat currents.

It was just the same when he reached the crest of the hill and paused to roll a cigarette. *"I'll go over the hill to him,"* Uncle Pedro had said, referring to the man called Sylva. In his heart, Henry knew that that was why he had come this way—the collector in him prompted by that absurd dream to offer himself to chance, while the don in him mocked at it.

He could see no house at all on this side of the hill. But halfway down the slope before him, and some way off to his left, stood an old stone tower. His walk hadn't been quite in vain; old stone towers always were worth a history don's examination. He left the track, started obliquely down the hill towards the tower.

The going was rough, among boulders, tussocks of sere grass, parched bushes, cactus, cork-oaks bleached and dead. It was blindingly hot.

He almost had reached the tower when he heard the crack of a rifle-shot, then a second and a third shot in quick succession, and the hornet hum of a ricocheted bullet. He stopped dead.

Two birds soared up on wide wings from the tower. They were evil-looking fowl, black, hook-billed, bald of head, but Henry was glad to see them. For an instant, he had thought that it was himself who was being shot at, and there was a heavy sultry thumping in his chest that he hadn't felt since the days when he had been a lieutenant with an anti-tank battery.

He pushed back his hat from his tanned, sweating forehead, looking up at the soaring birds, already dots against the blue. They were buzzards, the kind that had preyed on Wellington's and Soult's dead in these same barren hills.

He reconnoitred cautiously for the origin of the shots, but he had been seen. Down there across the valley, just the other side of a small, bone-dry watercourse, a man sat on the veranda of a newly built, raw-looking house. He had a rifle across his knees. He was beckoning peremptorily at Henry. Undoubtedly, the marksman was Uncle Pedro's "rifle-shooting adventurer, Sylva."

Henry walked down the hill, across the dry bed of the watercourse and up the dusty slope on the far side. He saw now that the man on the veranda sat in a wheel-chair with a rug over his knees.

"Who are you?" the man said harshly. "Come up here!"

He had something of the look of a buzzard himself, with his broad, powerful shoulders, his black suit and white shirt and narrow black tie. His deeply furrowed face and gleaming, almost hairless head were tanned dark as leather; in contrast, his eyes were a light brown, almost yellow in the sun-glare.

Henry said: "I fear I may have been trespassing. I must apologize. I'm a stranger in these parts. My name is Bow."

"English, eh?" said the man in the wheel-chair, and he spoke in that language. He gave Henry a grin like a gargoyle's. "If you'd got a bullet in your brains, it'd have been your own funeral. I didn't see you—I was potting at the buzzards. They give me the only sport I have nowadays. You a hunter, Mr. Bow?"

"A historian of sorts," Henry said.

"A bit closer my line of fire, and you'd have been a historian out of sorts," said the man in the wheel-chair, and gave a sudden great shout of laughter. "I beg your pardon. Historian, eh? Sit down, professor. Take that chair. My name's Sylva—Sullivan Sylva." The topaz eyes gave Henry a keen glance. "If you're staying at the inn over the hill there, you may have heard of me?"

Henry hesitated. "I see you have," Sylva said. "I'm the devil with horns to those villagers. But don't let it stop you taking a drink with me. Help yourself, professor. On the table there. Pour me one—a cognac. Go on, go on—go ahead."

Henry poured cognac into two thimble-size glasses. A handful of rounds of ammunition lay loose on the table, some of the percussion caps marked with a purple dot, and there was also a pull-through and oil-bottle.

"Know anything about rifles?" Sylva said. "This one's British-made—you can't beat 'em for small arms. I've fought in thirty wars, professor—up and down South America—and I know what I'm talking about. I followed the profession of arms—swordsman and marksman." He took the glass from Henry, tossed off the drink, passed the back of a hand over his wide, thin, gargoyle mouth, clapped the glass down on the table. "History?" he said with a sneer. "I could tell you some history. I've made it, in my time. Sandino, Mendietta, Villa, Zapata—I was with 'em all. Cuba, Mexico, Nicaragua, the Gran Chaco! Look at me now. Finished. Legs shattered by a grenade. This is what I'm reduced to—sitting on a veranda drinking cognac and potting at buzzards. With a rifle made for bigger game!"

He was pressing loose rounds down into the magazine of the rifle as he spoke. The movement of his lean thumb was swift, expert. He rammed home the bolt, brought the rifle smoothly to his shoulder, sighted on the tower three hundred yards distant, up on the silver glitter of the hillside. He pumped off five rounds rapid, and the tiny successive puffs of dust told Henry that those shots must have been grouped within an inch circle.

"See, Professor?" Sylva said, with his shark grin. "Don't wander across my line of fire."

"I'll watch my step," Henry said drily. He put down his glass.

"Come again," Sylva said. "I'll tell you some history that's never been written yet—but come by the back next time."

Henry thought it highly unlikely that he would visit the house across the hill again, even in the interests of unwritten history. In the dream he had had no such vivid character as Sullivan Sylva had been involved.

Yet, as Henry sat at lunch at the ponderous table in the inn, he saw old Uncle Pedro, true to his word, go stumping off sturdily up the hill for his interview with Sylva.

Henry went down to take a look at the village. The heat blur trembled in the streets, channels of burning dust between tiny white houses in the door of each of which hung a curtain of striped cloth or of beads. Stools or chairs stood before some of the doors, but no one sat on them. Siesta claimed the villages. All was still.

Long and lean, his debilitated hat shading his eyes, Henry stood rolling a cigarette. His absurd dream was forgotten, the mule box was forgotten. The thought that nagged at his mind was that old Uncle Pedro was the only obstacle that stood between Sylva and the purchase of the inn and the quarry. And Henry didn't like the thought. A clash between the stubborn old peasant and the bitter, arrogant adventurer sitting on that veranda with a rifle in his hands had potentialities that gave Henry no peace. Uncle Pedro was choleric; Sylva was dangerous. There ought to have been some third party present at that interview.

He started up the hill, past the inn. He'd go as far as the crest, he told himself, and see if he could find some point from which he could take just a brief look at Sylva's house. A glimpse of the men on the veranda, talking, and he could wash his hands of the whole business.

Nearing the crest of the hill, he glanced up at it. There seemed to be a dancing shimmer in the air, like an intensification of the heat-currents. It was accompanied by a crepitation, a distant crackling sound. He checked suddenly, sniffing. His heart gave a great thump. He began to run.

Before he reached the crest, he knew what he would find. And he found it. The far side of the hill was on fire. The fire was centred around a point about halfway down the track, but from that point it was eating out rapidly to either

Continued on page 33

ABOVE US THE WAVES (3) by Charles Warren and James Benson

First bull's-eye for the human torpedo

The story of Britain's underwater commandos enters a new phase. The secret weapon that had caught us napping has been mastered—and the navy is ready for revenge

WATER WAS BREAKING high over the casing of H.M. Submarine Thunderbolt as she lay on the surface three miles outside the harbour of Palermo, in northern Sicily, on the night of January 3, 1943. The night was dark, with that intense blackness that is only to be found at sea before the appearance of a new moon; the sea was rough and a strong wind blew offshore. To the two hooded men who made their way forrard along the heaving casing it must have seemed that the elements had combined to make their night's work as difficult as possible.

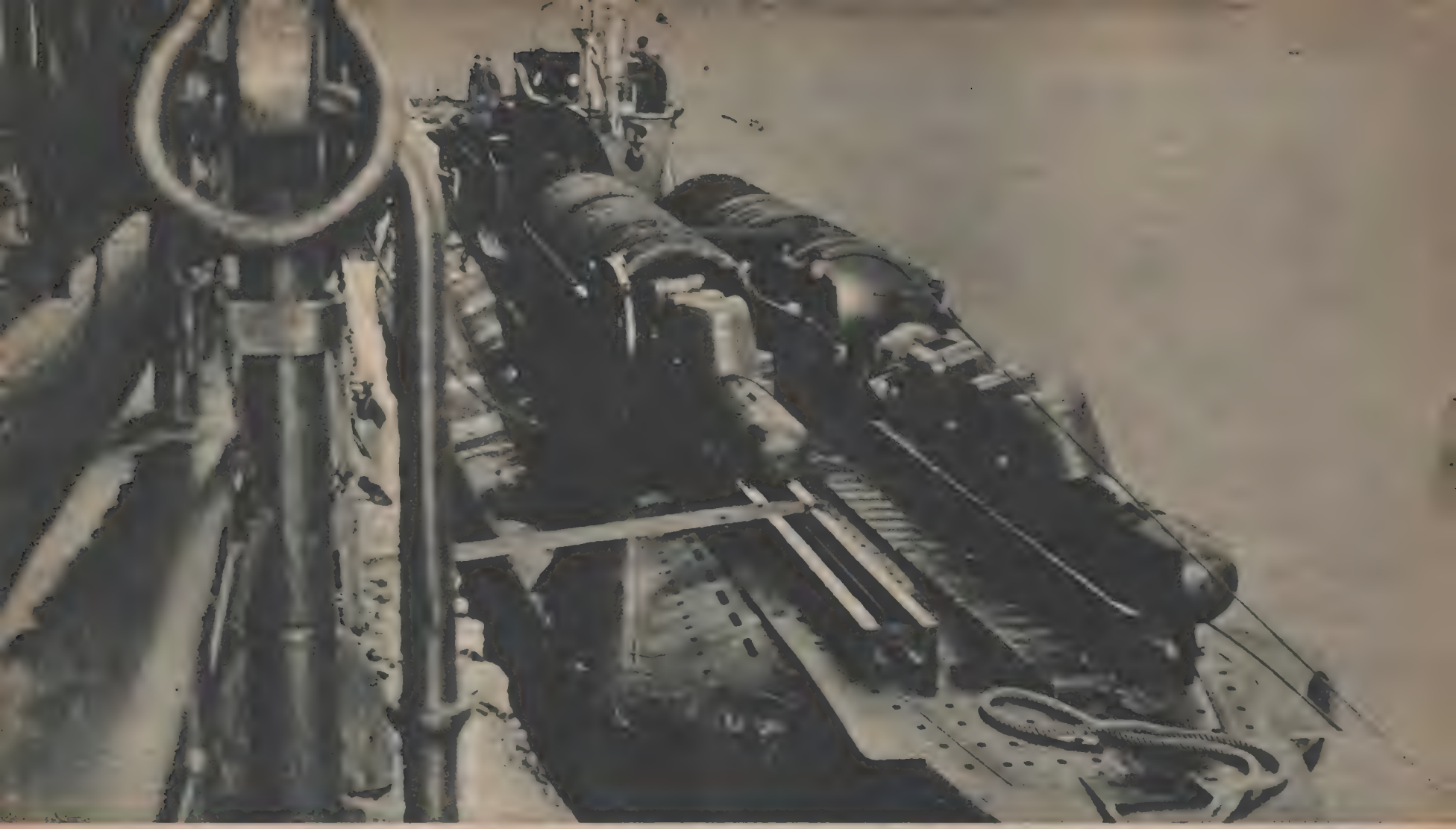
If the thought occurred to them, neither could have voiced it to the other. Masked, and clamped in heavy rubber diving suits, their only means of communication was by a touch of the hand, or a glare through the oblong glass visors that framed their eyes. The night's work they were about to begin was to ride away from the submarine on a "chariot"—the two-man human torpedo that lay at that moment in a steel container on the Thunderbolt's bows—enter Palermo harbour, and fix the torpedo's detachable 600-lb. explosive warhead to the hull of the Italian Navy's latest ship, the 5.3-inch gun cruiser Ulpio Traiano.

Cautiously, they felt their way from the conning tower to the gun mounting; there they clung while a series of heavy seas pounded the submarine's pressure hull. Thunderbolt rolled violently, and Lieutenant Richard Greenland, as the water swirled round his feet, could not help remembering that she was the salvaged Thetis, which had sunk so tragically in 1939. Leading Signalman Alec Ferrier remembered nothing. He was waiting for the lull between the seas that would give them the chance to make a few feet of progress. The lull came and the two men slithered to the container.

To release the twenty-two feet long torpedo inside the container, which was hardly visible in the darkness, Greenland and Ferrier had to open the container's forrard door, wait until the submarine had begun to submerge, and then scramble astride as the chariot floated clear. It was a difficult operation at the best of times; the

Like a huge venetian blind, the steel net barred their way. Greenland drove the torpedo hard under the folds. Slowly machine and net began to rise

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND



On the Palermo raid the human torpedoes were taken to the target area by submarines. This photograph shows how they were carried in cylinders on the stern and bow. To launch them, the submarine slowly submerged and, as the cylinder doors opened, the torpedoes slid forward and floated clear

wind and weather of that night made it doubly hazardous.

The door was hardly open before Thunderbolt started settling. The container was awash at once and the torpedo lurched from the chocks and rose on the plunging casing like a raw colt released from a halter. Greenland and Ferrier embraced it wildly, and the waves flung them on its back. As if in farewell, the Thunderbolt's jumping wire whistled dangerously past their heads as the submarine disappeared beneath them. The next moment they were alone, riding a deserted sea. The time was 11 p.m. The last stage of Operation Principle had begun.

Tracking Mussolini's Navy

Operation Principle had been conceived in Malta some weeks before. There, in the first days of December, 1942, a party of eleven officers and fifteen naval ratings had arrived from England with the intention of getting to grips with units of Mussolini's navy in the only places they could be found—the defended harbours of the western Mediterranean islands and of the North African coast.

At the time when Greenland and Ferrier were washed off the Thunderbolt in the Gulf of Palermo, the history of the British human torpedo was less than a year old, and its development had been quickened by the success of similar weapons daringly used by the Italians in Alexandria and Gibraltar harbours in the early days of the war. Training of specially selected volunteers had been carried out in Portsmouth and Scotland, but so far no more than a single operation had been possible.

That operation was the attempted attack, in 1942, by two chariots on the German battleship Tirpitz, which failed because its final phase never developed. The chariots, lashed for concealment under the hull of a fishing smack, had been carried to within striking distance of the battleship when heavy seas detached them from the smack at the moment of launching. The torpedoes were lost, but a vital lesson had been learnt. In future, it was decided, torpedoes would be carried to the target by submarine.

The gallant attack on the German battleship had been planned for two chariots. Operation Principle was far more ambitious. Palermo was full of desirable targets in the shape of heavy units of the Italian fleet, armed merchantmen and submarine chasers. To attack these, three submarines—Thunderbolt, Trooper and P311—were to carry a total of eight torpedoes from Malta to a point outside Palermo harbour. Once launched, the chariots were to enter the port, attack allocated targets and try to rejoin their parent submarines at a given rendezvous point six hours later. If, for any reason, this last was impossible, the torpedoes were to be scuttled and the crews were to attempt escape by land. Thus briefed, Principle force left Malta's Grand Harbour on December 29, 1942, in bad, but not disastrously bad, weather. It was not to arrive intact.

Thunderbolt and Trooper were in position in the gulf five days later; there was no sign of P311. Her loss remains a mystery, for neither submarine nor her crew and the charioteers she carried were ever heard of again. It was thus not eight but five torpedoes which the diving submarines left on the sea three miles from Palermo on the night of January 3. Of these, two were to reach their targets; one crew was to be picked up; two men were to die. It was a heavy cost, but Operation Principle was to be worth while.

Companions Had Vanished

Lieutenant Greenland just managed to reach the controls of his chariot as the submerging Thunderbolt threw it from the casing. A hand gripping his back told him that Ferrier was in his place behind. Their chariot had not been the only one to leave the submarine, and Greenland circled to port in an effort to locate the second crew, Petty Officer Miln and Able Seaman Simpson. He saw nothing; both chariot and submarine had vanished. Neither did he or Ferrier see anything of Trooper's three torpedoes then or later.

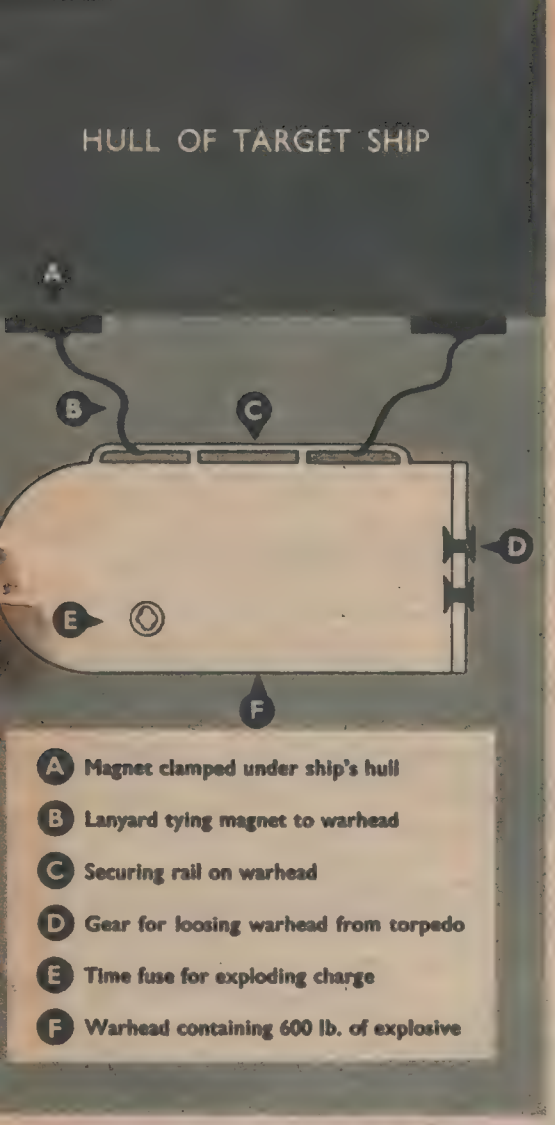
Their training had prepared them for situations such as this, but they would have been less than human not to welcome some sign of their companions. It was as if they had slipped off Thunderbolt into a world of their own, a world of hostile darkness where the only sounds were the humming of the chariot's electric motors and the "slap slap" of the waves hitting the water shields behind which the riders sat.

Wallowed In Heavy Sea

Any feeling of loneliness was soon dispelled by the practical problem of keeping the torpedo on an even keel. Bent forward, his frozen hands gripping the handle of the control column, Greenland found the machine very hard to manoeuvre in the heavy sea. It rolled and wallowed, it rose like a surfboard on the crests and fell sickeningly into the troughs. He kept his speed down to a knot and fixed his eyes on the compass, nursing the chariot round till the needle crawled to the bearing that would lead them into the harbour's jaws. His one consolation was the darkness, whose cover would allow him to run on the surface till he was close in to the port. Behind him, Ferrier watched for the light which, they had been told, would mark the entrance to the channel.

Meanwhile the sea got rougher, and both men had to struggle to keep their seats. Greenland reduced speed still further; it seemed sometimes that they had no way on at all. After nearly an hour of painful progress, Ferrier touched his Number One on the shoulder; he had glimpsed the light. It was to starboard: a small but steady point which bobbed and vanished as the waves rose and fell. Greenland altered course slightly and immediately the sea became a little easier, although, choppy and capricious, it was still too rough to let them submerge.

This was serious. Greenland had gambled on calmer conditions as the shore came nearer, for it was essential to go to the bottom in order to



The torpedo's warhead secured to the target. It is buoyed to have no weight in the water

"catch" the chariot's trim—that nice adjustment of the relative weights of machine and crew which would allow the torpedo to float under the anti-submarine nets and up beneath the hull of the target ship. The trim was not everything, but nothing could be done without it. Greenland cursed the sea and the wind, not for the first time since Thunderbolt had spewed them into both.

He increased speed as much as he dared. The yellow light was burning a larger hole in the darkness now. Greenland estimated that it was less than a mile away. Ten minutes later the sea subsided appreciably, and the wind lost some of its force. The light suddenly seemed much closer; Greenland judged that they were definitely approaching land. He throttled back and reached behind him for Ferrier's hand; he tapped out in Morse that the time had come to go down for a trim. Both men gave themselves a little extra oxygen by opening the by-pass valve on their breathing apparatus; Greenland opened the vent of the main ballast tank and set the hydroplanes to dive. The chariot slid under the surface and the water closed above its riders' heads.

Worked In The Dark By Touch

The torpedo went down in a steep dive; the luminous needle on the depth gauge showed successively ten, twenty, thirty, thirty-five feet. The darkness there was positive, much more opaque than it had been on the surface. Everything had to be done by touch, and Greenland and Ferrier blessed the long months of training behind them. They worked quickly; in a very short time the adjustments were made and the men were satisfied. The chariot's slight tendency to rise was exactly offset by the negative buoyancy of the crew: it was as perfect a trim as they had ever caught.

A minute afterwards the chariot rose to the surface. The men, gulping, blowing hard down their noses and twisting their necks, cleared their ears of pressure as it rose. It broke surface abruptly; the charioteers set themselves more firmly astride as they looked towards the shore. The serious business of the night had begun.

It was still very dark. The yellow light was some points to starboard. Greenland steered straight at it; he judged it now to be about a quarter of a mile away. Beyond it, a few scattered lights were glimmering, pricking out the sickle-shaped contour of the harbour. Greenland took the machine slowly, searching the night for the sallow ribbon of surf which would mean a breakwater or a jetty.

Then Greenland noticed that the light he steered on was becoming higher; it appeared to stand much farther back than he had thought. Soon he distinguished, between it and the sea, another and more solid segment of darkness which could only be the land. And suddenly he understood. The light he had been bearing on was a street lamp some distance inshore, and the harbour's entrance lay more to the east.

Now Every Minute Counted

Greenland turned gently to port and followed the line of the land, now dimly visible. The light fell behind, but others came in sight; they were evidently cruising parallel to the coast road.

He drove the chariot faster, for the rough passage from Thunderbolt and the mistake about the light had already put him behind schedule. Every minute counted if they were to put in their attack and return to the agreed position three miles out in the gulf. In that position the Thunderbolt would wait till 4.30 in the morning; Greenland, as he anxiously scanned the shore, judged that it was already well past 2 a.m. He thought of the harbour they had not yet found, he thought of the nets they would have to penetrate. He thought of the Ulpio Traiano. And he thought that if everything went as well as possible four hours were scarcely enough.

One thing went well almost immediately. Ferrier nudged Greenland's back and laid a pointing hand on his shoulder: a broken line of surf was cutting the darkness in front. This was the breakwater, and another thirty yards brought them to its rounded end and into calmer water. At last they were at the mouth of the harbour; the real attack was on.

Greenland had been briefed to expect the orthodox pattern of harbour defences—a preliminary barrier of anti-submarine net followed by a second barrier in the shape of an anti-torpedo baffle guarding the anchorage of the cruiser. He had no idea where these nets lay, but knew that his target was somewhere half a mile ahead. The first line of nets would lead him to the second; the only way of finding their position was to drive the chariot over the dark water until he saw—or fouled—them.

Enemy Seemed To Be Asleep

Greenland knew the approximate bearing of the cruiser from the harbour's entrance. He turned now on to that course, gave the torpedo full speed and nosed into the port. To the charioteers' relief, the basin seemed to be asleep. There was no apparent activity; no patrol boats, no searchlights sending wavering streamers of light across the water.

By now, Greenland's eyes had become adapted to the darkness. He made out the paraphernalia of the docks: jetties and lighters and, breaking the outlines of the piers, detached blocks in the darkness that could only be ships. He drove the torpedo forward just below the surface of the water at nearly three knots.

It was a slow, secret progress which left no wake and made no more sound than the sucking of the sea on the surrounding piers. Greenland and Ferrier felt elation rising with every yard they made. It was the elation of successful trespass, of men who had scaled a dangerous wall and passed through confusing trees. They were in the forbidden ground; but the doors had yet to be forced, the sentries to be rounded.

Greenland was almost on top of the

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Lieutenant Richard Greenland led the raid on Palermo harbour and blew up the Ulpio Traiano, then Italy's latest cruiser. He won a D.S.O.

Leading Signalman Alec Ferrier: he was Greenland's partner on the torpedo and won a C.G.M. Both men were taken prisoner after the attack

Lieutenant Dove, Number One in the only other torpedo to reach the target. With Leading Seaman Freel, he crippled an 8,500-ton trooper

DIGBY

by DAVID WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

Digby watched his wife's amorous behaviour with stupefaction. Was the woman off her head—or had he always misjudged her?

IT IS BAD ENOUGH to be charged with a drunken assault on a policeman; far worse to find that the case is to be tried by your host and the girl you're in love with. . . . Digby P. Ross was out of luck. If he defended himself, he'd compromise the girl. If he didn't. . . . He gritted his teeth.

All this had happened while Digby, a hitherto irreproachable citizen of New York, was on holiday in Scotland. He had flown over to shoot, fish and ponder whether his wife Madeleine really wanted a divorce. Instead, he'd fallen head over heels in love with a wildly beautiful girl called Fiona Kilburnie, and got himself into this impossible situation.

He had been flabbergasted to find that Fiona and his host, Colonel Galbraith, were both local J.P.s. Obviously he couldn't explain to the sly, pompous colonel the real reason for his elated condition last night—that he'd been with Fiona in her room punishing a bottle of whisky until the small hours. That was why he'd got into an argument with Constable McIntoon on the way home and knocked him out.

There was nothing for it but to plead guilty and pay up. Fiona was delighted that he'd chosen a fine instead of jail. As chieftain of the Clan Kilburnie, she was relying on him to help her with the forthcoming Gathering.

Digby was getting used to this Highland atmosphere of clans and feuds. Fiona had told him about the age-old feud between the Kilburnies and the Tarrs of Balgersho. Hence her dislike of young Lord Balgersho, a charmingly ruthless ex-R.A.F. type.

To his surprise, Digby had come out of court to find himself a hero; McIntoon was hated by everybody. This was cheering. He didn't know that the whole ugly story had already reached New York—and Madeleine. Or that Madeleine had taken a plane for Scotland. For the moment, he was contentedly fishing. . . .

PART 4

Advice On Love

MACLAGAN and Digby ate their lunch beside the Shepherd's Pool. It was a merry torrent, hurrying into a deep dark pool which swung around below rocks. Salmon often rested there, waiting for the living increment of water that would say to them: *Come farther.*

MacLagan the ghillie puffed his pipe. "It's a braw day for all but fishing," he remarked. They were in communion.

"I guess I'll try once more," Digby said. Fiona was in his mind again. She was coming to dinner tonight, which would be a restless time.

MacLagan stood up too. "If Mr. Ross can manage a while alone," he said, "I'll take a

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"What a pleasure to have you with us, dear lady," the colonel was saying. Digby paused in dismay. The "dear lady" was Madeleine . . .

They danced a foursome reel, the colonel piping as if he were going to burst. Digby felt clumsy and resentful, but Madeleine was in her element

walk down by the traps I have in the old dyke. Mind now, not too quick on the recovery, and if there's a fish he'll likely be at the top of the pool where the oxygen is stronger."

He's a scientific old codger, Digby thought, as he pulled up his waders. He went across slowly, and began to fish. *Mr. Ross is a natural-born salmon fisher.* MacLagan had said that.

I wonder what she'll wear tonight. Will it be the green sweater and the kilt? Or will it be the tartan suit? I wish I could see her not Scotch for once. I wish I could see her in a Cole of California beach-affair.

Poor Madeleine. I'm sorry for her now. How much she missed in life. Perhaps it was my fault, too. But such an intellectual snob, oh dear. Is there anything duller than people drooling about Picasso? Is there anything duller than people who interpret poets? I don't believe God meant poetry to be obscure. Poetry was meant to be a song. I long to write poems.

The colonel once said I was poetic. That awful little man, little chameleon coming home after the trial. "I congratulate you, Digby P. I do wish I'd seen you settle that bobby's hash. A noble effort. We're all proud of you."

"You have an unusual way of showing your pride, Colonel Galbraith."

"Come, come, dear boy. Duty is the very devil. It makes slaves out of the best of us. I tell you what. I still have a few bottles of pre-first-war whisky, superb stuff. Let's break one out."

The way I glared at him, he blanched.

"Oh, Digby P., surely you'd think less of me if I had shown you favour? But 'nuff said, as the saying is. Now for a burra peg. Your health, my gallant friend! Salaam Aleikum!"

And so I drank with him as if bygones were bygones. But I'll get my own back some way.

Digby retraced his steps. Was it imagination, or was the current stronger? Had the river risen an inch or two after that heavy shower this morning? As he came from the tugging water and climbed the bank, he saw a dark-clothed figure prop his bicycle and walk this way. It was the Reverend Lachlan McLean.

Heavens, Digby thought. He's come to reproach me for my transgressions.

But it was not so. The minister doffed his hat, shook hands and said: "I saw you fishing so I said to myself I'll just stop and pass the time of day." He was a shy young man, all earnest bones and angles, even a knobbly Adam's apple bobbing up and down behind his clerical collar.

"How nice of you," said Digby. "Let's have a cigarette."

THEY smoked beside the noisy river. After a while the minister glanced covertly around him and spoke: "Mr. Ross, a man of God has no right to be condoning violence, but it seems to me you taught our constable a lesson he's been needing this long while. I was paying a call on Mrs. McIntoon just half an hour back and she says he came into the kitchen last night and said: 'Elsie, I've seen the error of my ways. I'm right sorry about yon American gentleman.' Hee-hee hee," cackled the clergyman.

Digby laughed. One and all, now even McIntoon, seemed to be on his side. "I shouldn't have done it," he said. "But he shouldn't have said I hit him with the baton. That made me mad."

The minister tutted. "I ken fine how you feel, I feel the same often. It's like the time I spoke too sharply to Willie Reid, one of my scouts, and his mother had the story all round the parish I'd shouted curses and blasphemy at him. I gave way to most unchristian wrath, and I'm sorry to say I felt the better for it." He stared at Digby, cleared his throat, blushed and said: "How does Miss Elspeth seem? Does she seem happy in herself?"

DIGBY remembered the colonel's remark on the hill: *Your solitary holy swain.* "She seems O.K.," he said carefully. He knew what was coming here beside the river.

"You're a man of the world, Mr. Ross. Would you feel willing to advise me?"

Digby smiled at him. "I'd be glad to try."

Mr. McLean drew breath. "It's like this, Mr. Ross. You see, I've formed an attachment for Miss Elspeth although no word has passed between us. I dream of her at all times, day and night, and it's interfering with my work and although the Kirk does encourage us young ministers to marry, I can't help feeling it is sinful to be possessed about a thing that isn't spiritual, however pure, and an earthly passion is selfish at root, is it not, Mr. Ross?"

He did not wait for an answer to this difficult question, but hurried on: "I'm not worthy to clean the dust from Miss Elspeth's shoes. I ken that fine and even if she would have me, her dad would never spare her which worries me

On the ridge, beside the stag's body, Balgersho seized Madeleine in his arms. She rose on tiptoe. It was a long embrace. My God, Digby thought, she never kissed *me* like that

again because perhaps a daughter's real duty lies with her widowed father. Times I think I should move to pastures new, or that I have no true call, and it's been a terrible mistake, but my faith seems to be stronger than ever. Please forgive me for worrying a stranger with my problems, Mr. Ross, but when I saw you fishing alone on this fine day I just said to myself, 'There's one person who might be able to help me,' because you see I think you're a good and honourable man without being too good to be able to understand a sinner's difficulties. What shall I do, Mr. Ross?"

Digby thought. How could he give worldly advice to this good and unworldly young man? About Elspeth too, one of the least attractive ladies he had ever known?

"First of all," he said, "I don't think you should worry about the sinful aspect. Happy marriage would make you an even better minister than you are already. Secondly, there may be occasions when a daughter should sacrifice her own life for her father's sake. I rather doubt it. But Colonel Galbraith is hale, hearty and by no means destitute. Forget about him, except as a possible thorn in your flesh. Thirdly, what does the lady feel? Is Elspeth secretly in love with you? The only thing to do is to find out. If the answer is no, then I suggest you lose yourself altogether in missionary zeal. The wounds of love are very, very painful, Mr. McLean, but they do heal.

"Now, I know you are a humble man, but my advice is not to be too humble. Elspeth would be just as lucky to have you as you would be to have her, probably more so." Digby repressed a shudder. Quite apart from anything else, think of the colonel as a father-in-law.

"Where was I? Oh yes. Now do not seem too eager. Just once or twice you might be disdainful, or appear too preoccupied to notice her. That could work wonders. It may be hard to reconcile with your Christian character, but I can assure you it is important." Digby sighed. "Not that I'm the guy to advise anybody about anything, least of all a good person like yourself."

The minister cried: "Oh, but you *are*, Mr. Ross! I see it much more clearly now. My most sincere thanks. I feel so impatient, but I suppose I should hide that, too. What a wretched chap I am!" He made this last remark with glee. He suddenly looked very happy. "I wish there were more people like you."

"You couldn't be wronger about me." Digby was both flattered and disgusted with himself.

He did not hear the plane until it was close overhead, flying from the south. Balgersho circled decorously once at a few hundred feet and flew on towards Glendrogan.

There was that fish in the same place, the farthest part of the pool, deep water all the way, no chance to wade. It was a tremendously long cast. "I wonder if I might just reach it," Digby said. "No harm in trying."

"What fly do you have on?" asked the minister. He was a keen fisherman, like everybody else.

"A Silver Doctor."

"You couldn't do better on a bright afternoon."

Digby tried a couple of times without result.

"I doubt there's only one trick might get you there," said Mr. McLean. "Pay out more line yet, and I'll draw the fly back against you. Cast like the very devil himself when I say the word."

Digby cast like the very devil. He used the last driving ounce of his strength. The barbed Silver Doctor hissed past his ear, going in true at the very spot below the pale-brown lather of foam where the pool turned against rock.

This salmon did not take mildly underwater. It attacked the fly like a hungry trout.

"Glory be!" shouted Mr. McLean. "Oh, glory on us!" He danced about.

"Tell me what to do!" MacLagan! Where was MacLagan?

The minister sobered up and told him what to do.

Twenty minutes later the fish was tired. It rolled with a lemon-silver of belly, righted itself, made short lunges, rolled more slowly, hung there in clear deep water, played out, ready for the gaff. But where was the gaff?

"He must have left it here."

"It's no good," cried McLean. "I've searched all over. There's no two ways about it. I'll have to go in." He whipped off black jacket, trousers, shoes and socks. Even at this tense moment Digby noticed the incongruity of the gangling priest, clad only in short pants, under-vest, dicky and collar. "Bring him round to the sand, Mr. Ross. Slowly now." He waded to his thighs on the sandy patch just this side of fast water.

Digby brought round the fish. McLean waited, stalked, plunged, missed. The reel creamed out. Try again. Slowly, oh so slowly. He panted and laughed.

This time the minister made no mistake. He was wet from head to foot, but he had the arching salmon clasped to his chest. He clambered out, dispatched it efficiently with a stone, removed the hook and laughed in a very hearty fashion, not at all love-lorn. "What would my flock say if they saw me now?"

"They would be as full of admiration as I am," said Digby. He sat down to recover his breath. "My first salmon, and was it wonderful!" He looked at the bright fish, still quivering on the grass.

"Fresh-run," the minister said. "Fifteen pounds is my guess. A man's first salmon is a great thing in his life."

"Mr. McLean," Digby said. "That was a noble effort. From now on I'm your man. Anything you want done, say the word."

"Please call me Lachlan, Mr. Ross. Or any name you fancy except Padre. But not Padre; that reminds me of the colonel."

"My limited experience tells me that Galbraith responds only to rough treatment," Digby said. "Which is what I was going to suggest to you. Any trouble with him, pocket your principles and give him hell—plain and unvarnished. It's the only hope."

Lachlan shook his head doubtfully, and then patted his skimpy chest. "My underclothes are nearly dry. I'd like fine to be a lotus-eater and bask in this beneficent sun, but I'd better get respectable before anybody sees

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Live-wire Rowallan blazes a trail for the young

by MARJORIE EARL

To a million-and-a-half Scouts, he sets a tough example—and he can show them a thing or two in the way of practical jokes

AS CHIEF SCOUT of the British Commonwealth, Lord Rowallan never wears the conventional shorts with his uniform. Instead, he wears the Cameron tartan kilt of his ancestors. On his first overseas tour after his appointment in 1945, he was stepping on to the platform at his opening rally in Ottawa when a loud whisper was heard. "That's the Chief!" said a Cubmaster to one of his charges. "Who?" asked the Cub in a penetrating treble. "That guy with the skirt?"

The guy with the skirt, tall, handsome, fifty-eight year old Thomas Godfrey Polson Corbett, K.B.E., M.C., second Baron Rowallan, is, in fact, one of the toughest and strongest members of the worldwide, almost six-million strong, Scout movement.

A Scout leader since 1925, he applied his experience in hard living to training wartime officer candidates. In 1943, when the War Office Selection Board found that many young men were being wasted as officer candidates because of their youth and inexperience, Rowallan was asked to help. He opened a ten-week training course in the Highlands of Scotland.

"Lord Rowallan was no armchair leader," says Scout Field Commissioner A. Mallinson. "His tall figure, striding across the heather in a kilt, was familiar to everyone, and everything they did he could do better."

"We Treated Them Rough"

He warned the candidates that the course would be tough; the men who were taking it pronounced it diabolical. They were obliged to find their way over the mountains with only rough maps. If they were late reporting to a check point, they slept without blankets. If they had to ask the way, they got no food. If they were more than three hours late, they had to stay out all night without food or blankets. "We treated them rough but we made them tough," Rowallan says. "They learned that they had to pay for their own mistakes."

One night, a group of candidates were instructed to consider themselves escaping prisoners of war, and to steal away from camp. Rowallan and some officers followed them. As expected, the men gave themselves away by talking and laughing when they settled for the night. So the officers threw hand grenades nearby and in the resulting confusion stole the escapers' boots. The men had to walk back barefoot, but they learned that escaping prisoners must be quiet.

He Made Them Into Men

When he began, army psychologists predicted a ten per cent success for his course. But seventy-five per cent of the candidates became competent officers—and as one War Office official put it, "what was more important, ninety-five per cent of them became men." Rowallan is proud of a letter he received from one of his trainees who was subsequently posted to Burma. "Thanks for a terrible time," the letter said, "it was worth it."

Rowallan was never a *boy* scout, but as a man of fifty-eight he is the personification of Scouting virtues. He is obedient (a legacy from the Grenadier Guards), cheerful under difficulties (he suffers from an old war wound but has never been known to complain), a teetotaller (he used to lecture on temperance when he was younger), an animal lover (he is one of Ayrshire's most eminent cattle experts), and always courteous. "Being a Scotsman, I am naturally thrifty," he adds.

So highly developed is his community sense that he belongs to a score or more organizations exemplifying these virtues, among them The Casualties Union, The Bribery Prevention

Rowallan—"with the eye of a Guards' sergeant and the heart of a chaplain-general"—aims at a million Scouts in Britain before he retires

At a South African rally, Lord Rowallan films a native Wolf Cub's smile. Since he became Chief Scout in 1945, he has travelled nearly 150.000 miles. Even his Ayrshire castle has a Scout camp

League, The World Friendship Association, The Pilgrim Society, Queen Margaret's Settlement Association, The Scottish Association of Young Farmers' Clubs, The British Dairy Farmers' Association, The Scottish Band of Hope Union and The Fitness Council. He is also chairman of two hospitals. Since 1945, when he became Chief Scout, he has wondered from time to time if he is remembering his other responsibilities.

Although he has a family and is chairman of a milling business, he has been so busy as Chief Scout that he sometimes feels guilty of neglect. He was District Commissioner in Ayrshire for twenty years before he took on his present job, and he has since travelled nearly 150,000 miles in support of Scouting. As a reward, he is a Silver Wolf of Great Britain, a Silver Boar of Luxembourg, a Silver Buffalo of America, a Lion of Bulawayo, a Happy and Laughing Man of Livingstone, and High Flying Eagle, a chief of the Blackfoot Indians.

Delighted With Attacks

The Communist press of Hungary recently attacked him as "a notorious imperialist reactionary and a trusted member of the British intelligence service." Although he is neither of these, the news that he is disliked behind the Iron Curtain delighted Rowallan. For it convinced him that he is doing his job as Chief Scout well.

"We often feel that we have failed," he said recently in a speech. "And yet the greatest and most reliable testimony to our success is the fact that in every single country under the influence of the Soviet Union, Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy, the very first thing to go has been Scouting, because it teaches people to look wide and make up their own minds."

Whenever he sets out on a Dominion or Colonial tour, the Chief Scout warns his assistants: "Don't ask me to do anything that isn't planned," but his friendly habit of shaking hands with every Scout in sight often plays havoc with tightly planned schedules.

Once, at a meeting in Australia, a Wolf Cub guard of honour had been ranged in two ranks from the auditorium platform out to the street. When the official car arrived, Rowallan alighted and began shaking hands with the lot (about three hundred) while the clock-watchers on the platform were biting their fingernails in agitation.

A prominent Scouter, Ken Johnstone, describes him as "a man with the eye of a Guards' sergeant and the heart of a chaplain-general." If he sees a Scout on parade who is not as far advanced as he should be, he will fix him with a stern but kindly gaze and ask, "And why haven't you got your second class badge?" After the boy's evasive answer, he usually says, "I want a letter from you in two months telling me you have it." His secretary Joyce Meads adds: "To his great satisfaction, the letter is nearly always forthcoming."

Boy Planned Lion Hunts

In spite of his devotion to duty, the Chief can break the rules if there is a good reason for doing so. Once, in Uganda, he heard of a native community being terrorized by one small white boy. No sooner had the boy, aged seven, arrived from Britain with his parents, than he organized the native boys in the village to follow him on lion hunts, using bows and arrows. When the frightened parents confiscated these weapons, the boy introduced catapults. A delegation of parents waylaid the Chief Scout on his tour, and asked him to allow the boy to become a Wolf Cub, even though he was under age. Rowallan agreed. "Such energy obviously had to be channelled in the right direction," he says.

"The Chief doesn't know the meaning of rest," says a friend. Rowallan disagrees. He thinks that other people do not know the meaning of the word. On tour he is supposed to have one "rest" day each week, to catch up with his correspondence and refresh his mind. "All my rest days are *the rest* days—the days when they put in all the rest of the things they forgot on the work days," he says. "I am offering a large reward for anybody who will think up a word that really means rest day. Free day won't do. Once in a day marked 'free' in the programme I spoke to the Chamber of Commerce and attended a Girl Guide rally. When I asked what free day meant, they said it meant free from Scouts."

Rowallan was born on December 18, 1895. He was educated at Eton and went straight from school into the Ayrshire Yeomanry in 1914. By the time of the great Ludendorff offensive in March, 1918, he had transferred to the Guards and was blown into the air by a shell. To use his own words, he "made a poor landing, having no parachute." His leg was so badly damaged that he was invalided out.

In 1918 he married Gwyn Mervyn, a tennis player who was a holder of the ladies' doubles championship of Scotland, and had played at Wimbledon. His main activity is farming, and from 1919 he devoted himself to his estates in Ayrshire, where he is engaged in experimental breeding of Ayrshire cattle. When he is not travelling he divides his time between his Ayrshire castle and Scout headquarters in London.

Can Mend His Own Socks

He has four sons and a daughter; another son was killed in the war. His children have all taken kindly to the vigorous life urged on them by their father. He has instilled in them the same fearlessness which he believes is a cornerstone of good Scout training. One day, a fellow Scout found him in the paddock giving his three children jumping lessons. As the Chief Scout left them, he called, "Let me know if you break your necks, children."

Although he does not spend much time at home, Lord Rowallan has some domestic virtues not common to most husbands. He can sew, knit, crochet, tat and darn his own socks. These accomplishments he learned as a boy, during successive illnesses, and he advises other Scouts to learn them, too.

He is also an enthusiastic practical joker. Once he tied a kipper to the exhaust of a friend's car. Some distance from Rowallan Castle the passengers were almost overcome by the terrible smell. They stripped the interior of the car, and even removed the seats. Finally, they found the kipper. Next morning, Rowallan received it, well cooked, in the morning post.

As Chief of a million-and-a-half Commonwealth Scouts, he draws no salary. He will be more than rewarded, he says, if there are a million Boy Scouts in Britain by the time he retires. There are now 488,000. Although he was twenty-seven before he joined the movement, Rowallan was one of the first boys in Britain to become interested in Scouting. When he was five years old, he met Robert Baden-Powell and later became a devotee of *Scouting For Boys,* Baden-Powell's book, and *The Scout,* when that paper was first produced. He still reads them enthusiastically.

To Lord Rowallan, Scouting is a way of life, something positive in a world largely negative. "It is not a cure for juvenile delinquency," he said recently in a speech. "Still less is it a parking place for Willie for two hours a week while his parents go to the pictures." The purpose of Scouting, he insists, is to train boys in responsibility, and in that training there is no room for such soft slogans as "safety first."

"That Is Real Scouting"

One of his favourite illustrations of this comes from British Guiana. A local Scoutmaster was invited to meet him when he visited the colony last year. The Scoutmaster had to decline, but to get his message through he had to send two boys thirty miles over rough country to the post office.

They were armed only with a bow and arrow, and when a savage ocelot attacked their dog they beat it off with sticks. Later, when Rowallan met them, he asked why they did not use their bow and arrow. "We did think of it," said one, "but if anything dangerous had happened we wouldn't have had the arrow."

"Now that," comments Rowallan, "is real Scouting." THE END

The sharp, terrible pictures leapt up at him out of the darkness. Bullets came hissing back and he heard MacDonald's sudden, painful grunt

BOY WITH A GUN

by F. W. HOLIDAY

ILLUSTRATED BY SELINSKI

He stood a few feet from the terrorists, cold with fear — waiting for the signal

THE FLAT-FACED, sandy-haired captain ruminatively picked a small leech off his leg and said: "O.K., Mister, this is it." The company sergeant-major said: "Where we are, sir?"

"Where we are; yes."

The C.S.M. transmitted the order in a powerful nasal voice, low but penetrating.

Ten minutes later some of the outriding n.c.o.s of "C" Company had begun to trickle in. They were pale men—pale with jungle pallor—and dressed in jungle-suits splotched yellow, brown and green. Their stens and tommies drooped at tired angles.

"Where we are, sir?"

The sandy-haired captain waved a weary hand. "Yes. You know the routine. And see the guards keep awake. I'll be along later to find out." He thought for a few moments. "Sergeant Ellis!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Better send half a dozen men to search that bungalow back there, and post a couple in it for the night. They can sleep if they want to."

The sergeant saluted and gave a crooked appreciative smile at this touch of satire. Sleep if they want to! The eyes of half the company were falling out from lack of sleep. "Yes, sir." He turned and slouched off with that quiet gait which they all seemed to have acquired since they came into the jungle.

Two men of his own platoon were busy levelling grass and cutting places to sleep out of the bamboo. Someone was opening tins of rations. His eye focused and recognized the two nearest figures. "MacDonald! Willis!" He told them about the bungalow. "Wait till sundown and go back there, both of you. I'll send a search-party over before then."

MacDonald, thick-necked and grizzled, said: "Right ye are, Sarge," in an old soldier's voice. Willis, a gangling boy of about twenty, said: "Yes, Sergeant." They waited till the curtains of spear-shaped bamboo leaves closed behind the sergeant and then MacDonald spat and rubbed his forearms, bloody from leech bites.

He swore a great deal, MacDonald; he swore now at the leech-infested bamboo thickets, the vapid moist heat and the whole misery of being on patrol in inner Malaya.

"Never mind, Jock. We'll kip under a roof tonight," said Willis. He was smoking a damp cigarette, bent from long hoarding.

They found the bungalow without difficulty. It stood hard back against the jungle in a

chopped-out clearing. It was palm-thatched, with walls of rattan and fibre. Every plank, every post, indicated dereliction and decay. While they watched, two lorikeets flew out of a hole in the roof and vanished into the jungle with narrow, low flight. The bungalow squatted on short piles like some monstrous landcrab. A spray of scarlet orchids hung down over the threshold. It struck Willis as oddly disturbing.

MacDonald stuck a cautious head through the doorway and looked within. "As clean as a whistle," he said.

There were two rooms, and both opened on the ruins of a veranda at the front. The rooms were dry and bare except for piles of crisp bamboo leaves.

Within half an hour the stupendous vermilion sunset had faded to a few pink shreds. Flights of lorikeets began to scud over the bamboos.

While Willis slipped back to the line for some tea, MacDonald made the cleanest corner of the room shipshape.

Willis returned with half a gallon of tea in a sooty can and some rations. They drank the liquid in scalding gulps, not saying much. Outside, the clearing lay in semi-darkness. Again Willis found the spray of orchids disturbing; but he was tired, too tired to wonder why. They pulled off their boots and some clothing and felt for the hard luxury of the floor.

BUT Willis, despite his tiredness, found it difficult to sleep. He wasn't seasoned to this kind of country yet. Returning with the tea, he had stopped at the edge of the clearing. The bungalow was hemmed in by the thin fingers of crawling plants. It gave him the strangest impression of being hardly there; as though it were a painting on the face of the wilderness, already being erased. Sappy vegetable fingers had meshed it in like basket. And when he'd started walking again, the sagging doorframe, crowned with its sinister scarlet bloom, seemed to wait for him like a set trap.

Willis lay wide awake, caught up in the deep wonder of the thing. He could feel his buttocks and back against the floor and the coarse rasp of webbing over his bare thighs. He moved his hand and touched the cool steel of his sten. It all seemed very unreal. He'd read about men living like this in boys' adventure stories, men who fought tigers with their bare hands, who found rich gold mines protected by savage tribes. That was only in books; but this here was really happening—happening to him. That made it a bit scaring. An assistant in a grocer's shop, he'd been. Now, it seemed laughable. For a vivid, incredible instant he saw the grocer's counter piled high with goods, the names already half-forgotten; and then the picture faded. That was another world. Here and now he was trying to sleep in a hut in the jungle. It was funny.

Willis twisted, caught the glow of a cigarette, and sat up.

"It's hot," he said, and his hand crept round, feeling for the little tin where he kept his fag-ends. "Jock."

"Ay?"

"It's as close as the devil in here. What's the idea of sending two men back to an old dump like this?"

The Scot's cigarette waxed and waned. He flicked the ash off in a sudden crimson arc.

"Oh, it's the old man's idea, so yon Sergeant Ellis was saying. They're thinking the Reds have been using it for a hideout. Perhaps the old man thinks they'll come back."

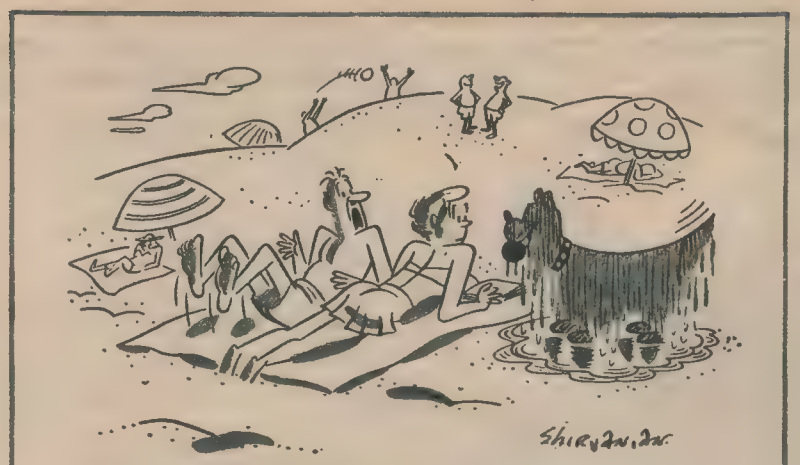
Willis felt an electrical shiver start from his scalp.

"Do you think so?"

"Oh," said MacDonald imperturbably, "it's possible."

There was silence, a silence woven with the manifold noises of the night. Willis finished his cigarette and lay back, aching with tiredness but still uneasy. It occurred to him that one of the most incredible things of all about this country was the perpetual manhunting. It wasn't like warfare; it was like hunting poisonous snakes through thick grass. It was wearisome, nerve-racking and very dangerous. If you trod on one. . . .

And the ferocity of these political



"Grab that ball and throw it—quick!"

bandits had rather shocked him. When he'd got off the boat, the reception camp was full of talk about the latest murders up-country. The Communists had "chopped" the manager of the Langor estate along with his son, a young chap just back from school in England. They'd done it with badly aimed rifle fire and finished it off at close quarters with bush-knives. And so it went on, week after week and month after month. Where he was lying now, a bandit may have lain yesterday. It made adventure books seem soft. He dozed off.

When Willis awoke, it was still dark. He stayed relaxed but swivelled his eyes enough to see the hunch of the Scotsman's shoulder near his head. In his ear sounded a fierce whisper.

"Overhead, now. D'ye hear 'em?"

Willis listened. He heard a faint creaking and a patter of rubbish falling from the thatch.

"What we might have guessed," MacDonald said in a triumphant undertone. "The bastards shinned in the roof before the search-party spotted 'em. The old man was right after all. The wee devils'll be thinkin' we're asleep. We were, too! Lucky a bit of that damned thatch fell on my face!"

Quietly and swiftly they dressed. Willis found himself trembling slightly. Here I am, he thought, doing this, not reading about it. Those men crawling through the space under the roof had knives, probably guns. It meant a fight. His hand felt for the bolt of his sten. The magazine was properly home. Thank God he knew how to use it!

MACDONALD was whispering in his ear: "In the other room there's a hole in the ceiling—that's where they'll come down, and I dinna doubt it's where they went up." He cursed richly and quietly. "Why the hell don't they fit bayonets on these bloody guns! Ye canna whack 'em in the dark."

Willis shuddered but stood calmly as he was supposed to stand, remembering all the army had taught him about infighting. He wondered how you were supposed to dodge a bush-knife in a dark room. It must be a matter of luck. Had it been light, the whole business would have been fairly easy. Anyone can spray sten bullets at a target they can see. But in the dark, even with the guns, anything could happen. Anything could happen to him, Sam Willis, with a home in Bradford and a nice steady job at a grocer's and a girl who wrote him letters on pink, scented paper. He might get hurt, killed. But he felt ready for it, for whatever came, except that his stomach was in a hard knot. One awful thought bothered him: if the bandits had sub-machine guns, too, it would be hell.

Facing the door of the empty room, they waited shoulder to shoulder for the dangerous rats to leave the nest. The soldiers could count on nothing now, not even surprise. Their stealthy movements may easily have warned the enemy. Any second the darkness might spit a hail of lead and flame. But even Willis saw that it was stupid to shoot unless you had a definite target. In that split second, in the gun-glare, the other man might shoot, too—and not miss. Without seeing, they could only wait, guns trained and feet braced.

The faint scuff of feet touching matted fibres had ceased. Bits of stuff still fell on the dry bamboo leaves, but they were less frequent. Willis trained his ears for the thump of bodies dropping into the next room through the hole; he could hear nothing.

MacDonald hissed into his ear: "They've drawn our wind, laddie. They'll come out fighting, so say your wee prayers now. It's them or us—don't forget that. And for Gawd's sake don't miss."

All around Willis the bungalow rose up like a taut, fibrous shell, a thing full of imperceptible rustlings which brought his heart in his throat. Any moment now. It had to be any moment, for dawn was surely not far distant and they would never wait for it to break. For them that would be suicide. With creaking muscles and dry lips, Willis commanded his body to act like a soldier. Half way through, he had the sudden intoxicating feeling of beginning to enjoy it, but the impression soon passed and he was left feeling sick and desperate. A few seconds later there was a different sound from overhead, louder than anything before.

"Hark!" said the Scot superfluously.

There was a further brief silence, and then a shower of thatch rattled into the room. From overhead came the thrusting of a heavy body, an agonized gasping, and the sharp crack of splintering rafters. Dirt and pieces of cane pattered on their heads.

And then, almost at once, as Willis, his gun raised, wondered if he should open fire in the direction of the noise, the night was rent by a frightful scream.

Willis felt his entire skin contract, as after a cold shower. The scream—almost inhuman—rang through his head endlessly.

He found himself stepping back, involuntarily. There was nothing to see; nothing to see at all. He had never been so frightened in his life. Then the first man hit the floor in the other room, and his finger tightened on the trigger. A second man followed the first and then another and another; each was yelling in Chinese, cursing in Malay and screaming in God knew what language. The air became thick with dust, leaves and flying debris. Willis heard them reach the door and thought he saw the flash of steel, but somehow he held back until the Scot said: "Now!"

As Willis fired, the gunlight played on the rattan walls in a fantastic smoking pattern. The sharp, terrible pictures leapt out of the darkness. A cluster of men withering before the gunblast like flowers thrown into a furnace; lean Mongolian faces smirking at him in the brilliant reflex of death. At the same moment another automatic weapon opened up and fire lapped back across the room. Willis heard the hot hiss of bullets parting the cane wall around him; and he heard MacDonald's sudden painful grunt.

But there was something else, something strange and terrible. In the last blaze of light from the sten, Willis saw a bandit framed in the doorway whose popping eyes and distended tongue resembled those of a corpse on a gallows. Round his shoulders and waist, like some yellow-dappled rug, was a python, taut as a steel cable, crushing him. The man staggered forward, falling under the rake of fire.

In ten seconds it was all over. As the darkness rushed back, Willis swayed like a broken reed—drunk from a strange agony centred round his knees. He lowered his gun. Carefully he listened to the silence; then he fell heavily across the body of MacDonald lying beside him.

He knew no more until tepid water splashed into his face and he heard an orderly cursing himself for clumsiness. Willis lay relaxed and peaceful. They were washing him. There was no pain as yet. The pain was to come later when they had finished digging the bullets out of his legs. At the moment he felt calm and content.

When the orderly moved to one side, Willis could see the bungalow across the clearing. It looked just the same as when he saw it yesterday. The scarlet orchid hung over the door just the same, as bright and sinister as ever. Nothing appeared to have altered.

Willis turned his head to look more closely. Every detail of the night ran back through his mind. Soldiers were moving back and forth near the veranda. Two men carried a stretcher across the clearing in which lay the grey hulk of MacDonald. The man was unconscious. He might even, Willis thought dispassionately, be dead. Men came up with shovels, and Willis realized that the blackish mound by the bungalow was a pile of dead Reds. Indifferently he watched the grave being dug and the quick, businesslike interment. After that, the men lit cigarettes and went away. Nothing seemed real.

IN those remaining few minutes before he was taken to the dressing-station, Willis fell into a mood of abstraction. A lot had happened to him. It would certainly help to fill out his letters when he wrote home. Home. Even home no longer seemed real. Just then a long shadow fell across his stretcher, and he looked up into the flat face of the sandy captain.

"Not too good, eh, old chap! Never mind, they'll soon fix you up at the station. I think you've both done a damned good job. I had the idea all along that the Reds might be lurking round this rest-house." He turned and grimaced over his shoulder at the raw grave. "By the look of things, this gang won't be giving trouble for quite some time."

"It was the snake," Willis said, "that sort of panicked 'em. They didn't know it was in the rafters. The credit really goes to the snake." Credit, he thought to himself, hearing his voice. Credit?

"Look here," the captain said, with a sort of shyness. "I'll get somebody to rip the skin off it for you. It's a damned nice skin. You could get it made up into handbags or something."

"Thanks, sir."

The captain turned to go. "Very well. Now be a good chap and get on your pins again and you'll be back in the company in no time. Then we'll have to look into the question of promotion."

Willis lay drowsily hearing the voice at a great distance. He could feel the morphine creeping round his veins like a warm syrup. He didn't want the darned snake. But the snake had probably saved his life . . . and cost a few other people theirs. Which side was the snake on, anyway? It was all getting muddled.

"Have you left any kit in the rest-house—anything you want collecting?" someone was asking him. "Any personal stuff?"

Willis shook his head. No personal stuff. Everything seemed curiously impersonal. The only personal things were the pictures in his head, the astonishing, horrifying pictures that had leaped out of the darkness in the bungalow. They were very personal. He would carry them with him wherever he went.

A few minutes later, Willis, a man and no longer a boy, was taken to the dressing-station. THE END

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JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Continued from page 9

river, towards the village of Burnham Thorpe, where Nelson was born.

For twenty weeks, the pier turnstiles clank, the boatmen shout each other down, the crowds mill upon the promenade. And then the tide turns. The traffic, which had flowed from river to sea through the cross-streets of the town, moves now from sea to river. Ernest Blake, on his sites near the pier, stows away the last of the deck-chairs, and goes back to his winter job as a sugar boiler in the big sugar beet factory at Cantley. Jimmy Jackman, the lifesaver, who has floated watchfully all summer among the bathers, signs on again in the trawler-drifter Ocean Starlight. Where be-flagged Broads boats had taken on their holidaymakers now moor the chartered vessels of the klondykers, and cargo boats unloading salt from Germany and Spain. King Herring rules again.

Laughter As They Work

And instead of holiday caravans standing in close-packed lines, Scots herring girls laugh and work over their *farlanes*—the long, low troughs into which the lorries from the fish quay dump their loads of herrings; and the packed barrels, stencilled "Fulls" and "Matties" and "Mattfuls," carpet the ground under Nelson's column, stretching all the way over from river to sea.

James Sinclair's pickling plot is the first in the line, just past the scenic railway. And everybody on it—the cloth-capped "Gaffer," the cooper, his apprentice, Willie Williamson, and the twenty-odd herring girls, working in teams of three—two gutting, one packing—everybody on it comes from Wick.

Girls? Most of them old enough to be your grandmother; yet, "girls" is the word for it, for they are a merry, light-hearted lot, with kind, open Scottish faces. "We're all widows, laddie," they shriek, "looking for a husband!" Some of them, like Lizzie Oman, have been coming down to Yarmouth, year after year, for fifty years; but there's a young face or two, like Jeannie Wilson, a pretty girl of twenty-one, and Mary Warhurst, who married a Sassenach in York, but still joins her old Wick friends for the herring season.

Last year most of the barrels were going to Russia; and for the older girls that brought back memories—memories of the palmy days when the Tsar was still in Petrograd, and Yarmouth was full of Russians, buying herrings. "Great lads they were, those Russians," says Nellie Norquay with a wink.

But now there was only a grave Soviet inspector, checking barrels, making the curers turn out samples to ensure that each barrel contained exactly 256 pounds—for, in Soviet Russia, it was his habit to explain heavily to protesting curers, all fish are sold by weight and not by numbers.

Brave Sight At The Quay

And so, each October, the lodgings are booked and the "Scots Registrations Welcomed" and "Good Scotch Tea Here" notices go up in the Yarmouth shop windows. As the first shimmer of herring is seen off Smith's Knoll, the invasion begins in earnest—the thirty-odd pickle-curing outfits, gaffers, coopers, herring-girls and all, from Wick and from Stornoway and from Lerwick and from fishing ports all up Scotland's east coast; the Scots kipperers with their smoke-house teams and office staffs, their packers and drivers; the Church of Scotland with its Bibles, dispensaries and canteens; and the Scots drifters themselves turning into Yarmouth harbour, nearly two hundred strong, to tie up in the river alongside the thirty-odd ships of Yarmouth's own herring fleet.

Saturday is a busy day down on the fish quay. All the drifters come in then and tie up in long close-packed lines at the quayside. They are a brave sight as they lie there, wreathed in smoke from the funnels of the ships that have not yet turned over to diesels. Fanciful names, some as famed along this coast as the Queen Mary's, run, gilt-lettered, in gay scrolls across the deck-houses. The white pallets, football-like

"Boy, was I over-rated!"

floats which mark the position of the nets, lie piled on the decks, with here and there a red-and-white "spell-over" pallet, a signal to the crews hauling in the nets that the time has come for a general change-over of positions—a fisherman's "over."

As each drifter noses into the quayside and ties up, a sample basket of forty herrings is rushed off to the salering. The handbell rings—and the bidding starts over again.

Behind the old grey quay, with its cloth-capped men coming and going, clambering over the sides of the drifters, rise brown mountains of "swills," those curious deep double-ended wicker fish-baskets which are peculiar to Yarmouth—a trick the place learned long ago from the Dutch (who called them "swails") and maybe kept up because a couple of swills, mounted on a special long narrow cart, were just the thing for getting up and down the narrow "rows" where most of the smoke-houses were.

Disaster In The Night

Beside the Fruitful Bough, smart with green paint, a horse and cart waits on the stone-setted quayside. Brown nets come swinging across on the drifter's derrick. The big man in neat but well-worn blue serge who stands beside the cart is Peter Foreman, the Fruitful Bough's skipper.

All down the long line of drifters, nets are being checked over, taken off the boats to have odd tears sewn up by "beatsters," to be overhauled by "ransackers." But Foreman's case is different; this is not routine, but a disaster. During the night a big passenger boat, looming out of the blackness, ran over the Fruitful Bough's nets as they hung, stretched out for two miles in a vertical line behind her. And a "fleet" of nets these days can cost more than £1,000.

But the skipper is philosophic about it as he goes off on the cart, sitting on the top of his pile of wrecked nets. Already his brothers will know about the misfortune. Though miles of sea and night separate them, their voices go out over the drifters' radios; the family circle stays closeknit.

The Foreman brothers are three skipper-owners, all from Peterhead in Aberdeenshire: Peter, of the Fruitful Bough, John, with the Primula, and George, the eldest, who is master of the seventy-four ton Star of Bethlehem.

To the Star's mast as she comes down the river is affixed a strange device, a weather-vane in the shape of a herring, an aluminium herring, embossed with a date. And that, as everybody in Yarmouth knows, is the proud badge of a winner of the Prunier Trophy, awarded annually by Madame Prunier of fish-restaurant fame for the biggest single night catch of each East Anglian herring season.

The Star won it in 1951 with one of the biggest catches ever—303¼ cran, a haul which sold for £900.

But this week the herrings are elusive. Casting their trial nets the night before, few skippers got so much as "a shimmer." Ask George Foreman about it and he shakes his head non-committally. "Och, it's hard to speak about the herring. . . ." The movements of white fish can be charted, analysed, predicted. When tagged by the fishery research men and put back into the sea, large numbers are recovered. Not so the herring.

Direction-finders and echo-finders, revealing the presence of shoals in a rain of little dashes on the undersea record sheets, are now standard equipment on drifters. But despite all the efforts of science, mystery still surrounds the comings and goings of this small and delicate silver fish.

"Study the moon and the tide, that's your best hope," says Skipper Foreman. Herring shoals swim into the tide, rise nearer to the surface when a full "herring moon" shines upon the waters. Herring fishermen, too, can read a story in the colour and look of the sea. Floating gulls are one good sign; Solon geese diving bring the drifters gathering around the spot. So these days does a dropped hint—accidental or otherwise—in another skipper's radio conversations.

Voyage Back Is A Gamble

But even when the shoal has been located, getting the fish to port remains a gamble. The shallow North Sea is peculiarly susceptible to short sharp gales and a drifter may have to wallow for days before the sea is smooth enough to get in full nets with safety. To shoot a fleet of nets—81, 91, or 101, always an odd number—may take half-an-hour; but, with a big "shot" like George Foreman's in 1951, to get them in again can take more than sixteen hours' hauling.

On Sunday the Scots crews put on their Sunday best and the Scots drifters tie up, four deep, beside the Yarmouth town hall. For, even in these Sassenach waters, the Scots driftermen remain unbending Sabbatarians and, though the English drifters sail on Sundays, the Scots will not stir till Monday dawns.

The Church of Scotland services in St. Andrew's House will be packed to overflowing; and at three o'clock in the afternoon, the "Open Brethren"—most of the Peterhead men are Plymouth Brethren—will hold their service on the fish quay and you may perhaps hear Skipper Foreman of the Star of Bethlehem, a practised lay preacher, say a few words.

For thirty-seven years this quiet-spoken, reflective man has lived in small boats, pursuing the herring, from Smith's Knoll off Yarmouth in October to the Sandetti grounds in the Channel in December, from the Minch, fished out of Ullapool, to the grounds off Norway, fished out of Peterhead or Aberdeen, from Lerwick in the Shetlands to Stornoway in the Hebrides. These people's whole lives and the lives of the communities to which they belong revolve around the mysterious impulses of the herring.

So it has been down the centuries. For the lowly herring, spurned as it may be in industrial Britain today, is a king of fish, a builder of empires. The Hanseatic League, rich medieval confederation of merchant cities, was built on the thriving fisheries of the Baltic.

Riches Follow The Shoals

But the herring moved out of the Baltic and began to spawn off the Dutch coast. The Hansa decayed and the Netherlands rose to fame.

Then the herring shoals migrated again—over to the English and Scottish coasts. And on the Yarmouth sandbank were held great Michaelmas herring fairs, attended by all comers. Look at the Yarmouth coat-of-arms and you see, set against a deep sea-blue background, three lions, couchant, which somehow terminate in herring tails.

Once the coat-of-arms was just three silver herrings. And then the Yarmouth captain, John Perebourn, in the year 1340, taking a fleet of local ships down to the Battle of Sluys in the Channel, turned the tide against the French and secured Britain's first great naval victory. Grateful King Edward III halved his own coat-of-arms with the town—and ever since Yarmouth herrings have borne lions' heads.

With age, the herring industry has gained complexity. It began, simply enough, with the "red herring" of Shakespeare and Dryden ("neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring").

But, as transport quickened, lighter cures—a "silver cure" for Italy and a "golden cure" for Greece and Egypt—became possible. Now, in Sutton's, the big Yarmouth "redders," millions of herring are put down each season in deep tanks of salt where a brine forms from which they can be taken out through the year, washed off in the "barf house" and cured.

Men Who Work In Smoke

We climbed some wooden steps where smoke was seeping faintly from a long row of doors. We opened one of the doors—and the smoke billowed out. Down below us, a long line of wood shavings glowed dusky red. High over our heads, half hidden in the smoke, men climbed about the blackened ladder-like "loves" taking down the desiccated rows of herrings which hung there, strung through their mouths—40,000 to each smoke-house.

Packed in gaily coloured boxes, labelled in Italian and Greek and Egyptian, they would be loaded into Sutton's ex-corvette, the Madonna, which makes a regular Mediterranean round out of Yarmouth.

The "redders" seek herrings with their scales intact; the marinators strip the scales off. In one marinator's yard I saw a great pile of barrels which had all been inspected by a rabbi and marked with the approving stamp of the Court of Beth Din. They were awaiting the Feast of the Passover when—as roll-mops or bottled herrings pickled in "wine-sauce"—they would enjoy a brisk sale.

The year 1846 marks the opening of a new epoch in the story of the herring. For in 1846, one John Wodger, a herring merchant, is said to have left a herring, already cut open, in his chimney overnight. Next morning, the story goes, he was surprised to find it still fresh, and, what is more, surprisingly tasty. The kipper was born.

These days, kipper herrings are split by rotary machines, encased in Cellophane wrappings, even exported to the United States. Kippers are smoked

over oak shavings for from three to twelve hours; the bloater, a distant and more perishable relative—one must learn these nice distinctions in Yarmouth—is soaked in brine, then smoked whole, over special "billet-wood."

Then to this quayside *danse macabre* of redders, marinators, kipperers, bloaterers and Scots barrel-curers, conducted over the frail corpse of the herring, come those raffish-sounding characters, the klondykers.

The mission in life of a klondyker is to snatch the fresh herring from the drifter, box it in ice and dispatch it—at gold rush speed—by specially chartered ships to a herring-avid Continent.

These complicated dealings with this little fish are dominated by two facts. The first is the extreme fecundity of the herring—60,000,000 of them have been landed at Great Yarmouth in a single day. The second is the herring's extreme perishability when once out of water. Together, these two facts could mean — in the days of unplanned marketing—that a big catch could be a very doubtful blessing.

Hence the Herring Industry Board, which today dominates the scene wherever herrings are fished in Britain. Beside Yarmouth's ancient smoke-houses now appear the factories of the canners and the deep-freezers, and the list of "allocations" at agreed prices grows ever longer and more complex. At the tip of the sandbank, where promenade joins up with quay, Yarmouth gains a new landmark—the smokestack of Herring Reduction Factory No. 3, final insurance against the monstrous fecundity of the herring.

Everything—Except Fish

James Chambers, the manager of the new plant—the "first in England," he told me proudly—was delighted to have a visitor. He pressed a button, setting the machinery gently hissing, showing how the surplus herring, dumped by the drifters on the quay outside, were bulldozed into an escalator, thence disappearing into a handsome series of blue, brown, red and green pipes, to emerge, neatly, at the proper taps, as water, cattle meal and oil—oil for the margarine works of Britain.

The Herring Board, indeed, had provided for everything, except the herring. The herring remained as unpredictable as ever. Last year, with 150,000 pickle-cured barrels on order for Russia, with a new reduction plant all set to go, the freezers and the canners waiting, the herring shoals declined to put in their usual appearance.

And even when they came, the herrings were not the familiar fat little "black-nosed Octobers," but a larger, more mixed. poorer quality fish which had no business there at that season.

Day after day went by, but the familiar October bustle did not come to the fish quay. In normal seasons some of the Scots drifters stay in Yarmouth till December—and there was indeed a certain Fraserburgh skipper who won local fame as "Christmas Charlie." But last year the Scots fleet headed for home in early November.

Was it the early storms that had turned the shoals away? Or was the season, as some said, getting shorter? Or were the herrings at last deserting their old Yarmouth grounds—as they had deserted the Baltic long ago?

The fishermen themselves were fortified with the philosophy of their calling. There were bad seasons and good. That was the herring.

But, as any middle-aged man in Yarmouth will tell you, the town's herring heyday was over long ago—gone, like so much else, with the Russian Revolution.

An old "beatster" like Emily Dickinson, her sharp eyes picking out the rents in the drifters' nets in Bloomfield's "chambers," can recall the days when there were a hundred other beatsters—not twenty—working alongside her on the nets. Now the young girls go into the new light industries spreading across the denes.

New Giants Take Over

For this ancient town has known how to change with the times. The narrow old "rows" where the fisherfolk used to live went with the bombing. They were cosy, with as many as one hundred houses squeezed into one acre. But people, all the same, have taken well enough to the new estates in Gorleston across the river, which boasts the biggest prefab colony in the land.

The ancient herring industry itself now moves with the times. The Scots herring girls are no longer as young as they used to be—and recruits are few. But in Bloomfield's pickling-yards you can watch five new Swedish-built herring-gutting machines, which can handle 165 herrings a minute, sending the guts flowing away on one conveyor, the gutted herrings to the packing point on another.

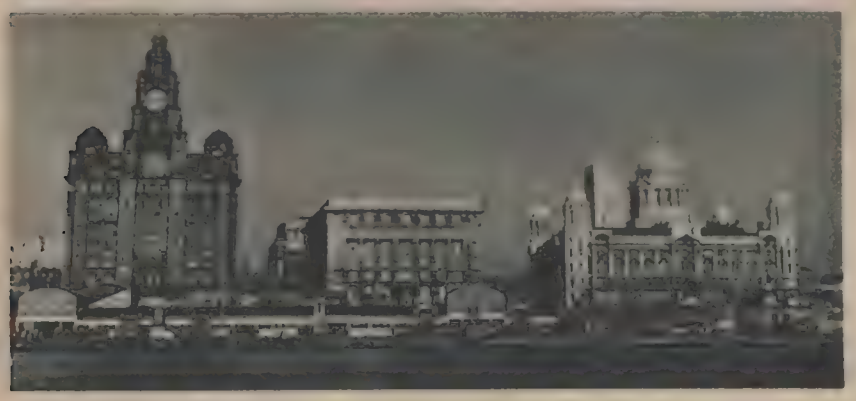
With these delicate-fingered giants six herring girls, 1953 model, can do the work of nine working the old way.

In the herring fleet, too, there is change—a process of steady evolution from the first cockleshell sailing-drifters through the first steam-drifters, with their long smoke-stacks, to the compact, diesel-powered vessels of today.

And so, between its river and its sea, its venerable stone-setted quays and its white concrete promenade, between the first flash of the herring shoals off Smith's Knoll in October and the first surge of "dayers" from its stations at Whitsun, the old town on the sandbank—almost the farthest east town in Britain—prospers down the years.

"This," wrote Charles Dickens in a letter to a friend from the Royal Hotel on the promenade, "this is the strangest place in the whole wide world." The Maestro, as ever, was extravagant; yet, walking through Yarmouth today from prom to quay and from quay to prom, it is possible still to see what he meant. THE END

NEXT WEEK: Harry Hopkins begins a two-part report on



LIVERPOOL

Incredible city of grandeur and slums; of merchant adventurers and the creeping shabbiness of decay; of Bessie Braddock and the fabulous Alderman Shennan

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ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

ABOVE US THE WAVES

Continued from page 19

first row of buoys before he saw it. They were medium-sized buoys set close together. That was normal. What was abnormal and disconcerting were the long and sharp spikes that covered them. Had the chariot been submerged, Greenland would have ordered Ferrier to cut the meshes; as it was, he deemed it quicker to go down, lift the net from the bottom and push the chariot through.

He signalled to Ferrier, opened the ballast vent and drove the torpedo down. They hit the bottom at fifty feet, and Greenland held the machine while Ferrier dismounted to raise the net. The moment he touched it he realized that they had run into the first serious check of the operation.

The two men had been through and under scores of nets during their training, but those they had negotiated had all hung flush with, or just above, the level of the bottom. To Ferrier's dismay, the net he crouched over lay in deep folds in the mud; it was far too big for the harbour's depth and, like an ill-fitting curtain, spread its slack out in formidable rolls of steel.

Signs Of Poisoning

Greenland realized the situation and went to his Number Two's help. The two men spent some minutes heaving at the folds. It was exhausting work. The sharp meshes lacerated their hands and caught in their equipment. A lifted fold disclosed another and another, and it seemed to the struggling men that the net had taken root. Soon both began to feel the first insidious signs of oxygen poisoning.

Time, too, was escaping with their energy. Greenland called a halt. There was one possible solution to the problem. It was unorthodox but it had to be attempted. Hurriedly, he indicated to Ferrier what he meant to do. The two men drove the chariot's nose under one of the folds of the net and got back into their seats. Greenland gave the torpedo full buoyancy and waited. To his relief, the machine began to lift itself from the mud. It rose slowly, but it rose—and the net rose with it.

Greenland watched it folding above him. It was as if he were rolling up some enormous venetian blind. Almost too late, when the chariot was six feet from the surface, he remembered the spiked buoys and, with a quick twist, rolled off and under the torpedo. Ferrier had forgotten the danger, but luck was with him; he was still wondering why his Number One had suddenly vanished when the chariot scraped from under the pile of mesh and floated clear.

Greenland picked up the bearing and started the motor. The harbour was still empty and the night as dark as before. The torpedo resumed its course while, unrolling, the net sank to the bottom again. One door, at least, had been opened.

Compass Out Of Order

The net was behind them; but they had not come under it quite unscathed. Greenland had not gone very far when he discovered that the compass had been affected by contact with the steel net. He was faced with another and unexpected problem. Henceforward, he realized, he would have to navigate the chariot as if it were a surface craft and not a submersible.

That would not have mattered if there had been better visibility. But the blackness was as intense as before and the sea, Greenland was disgusted to find, was as unpleasant inside the net as it had been beyond it. Greenland, afraid that the capricious compass might lead to some noisy collision, cut the speed down and went forward gingerly, trying to be sure of every yard before he covered it.

After a few minutes, just when the need for it was greatest, the charioteers found that they could see better. For a moment this phenomenon was unwelcome, for both thought the better visibility might mean the approach of dawn. Then Greenland reassured himself. First light, he knew, could not be before

"Don't move—or I'll fill you full of cold coffee"

6 a.m.; he estimated that it was less than four hours since they had left the Thunderbolt. The ease with which he was finding his way about must be due to better night adaptation.

Whatever the cause, he saw the row of buoys that held the second net when it was still some yards ahead. He signalled to Ferrier and began to dive immediately. The chariot, slowly and evenly, went down through fifty feet of water. This time there was no battle with steel curtains. The net was light, so light that it might have been made of aluminium. Its bottom just touched the mud of the harbour. Greenland and Ferrier lifted it, and it passed quietly over their heads.

Made Quick Decision

Five minutes later they were on the surface again, and Greenland had to make a quick decision. In theory, he should have made the final approach under water; it was with that idea that the torpedo had been conceived. Two factors made Greenland decide to go against the precept and practice of his trade. The first was his doubt about the compass, the second was that the harbour was still asleep. And he remembered that it was a submariner's cardinal principle never to submerge unless it were necessary. He made up his mind to attack on the surface.

They were very near the cruiser now. Carefully, like a surgeon probing an incision, Greenland explored the anchorage. He cut the speed to a minimum, conscious of the motor's hum. He leaned over his water shield, thrusting his visor into the night. Every sense in his body became an eye.

A minute passed, and another. Then the texture of the darkness showed a flaw. There was a shape in front; it took outline, grew darkly solid. To Greenland it was a ship, unquestionably a ship. Ferrier saw it, too; his hand plucked Greenland's back. Quite suddenly, the shape was almost above them. It was a warship; a cruiser. It was the Ulpio Traiano.

For a few seconds the charioteers looked at her. She was new from the fitting-out yards, her commissioning crew were aboard, she had not yet completed her trials. She was perhaps the youngest warship in existence. But Greenland knew, as he edged the torpedo into her, that her life was measured in minutes.

The chariot nudged the cruiser's hull amidships. Greenland immediately forced the machine down slowly; Ferrier helped the descent by straining against the ship's sides. At a depth of twelve feet, where the hull curved inwards under the bilge keels, Greenland stopped the chariot and turned his head to his Number Two. Ferrier understood and slipped into the water. The high moment of the attack had come.

Ferrier opened the stowage compartment which was just abaft his seat. From it he took the two heavy magnet-clamps which, placed on the cruiser's hull, would hold in position the six hundred pound explosive warhead that formed the torpedo's nose. He handed the magnets to Greenland, then half swam, half dragged himself forward to the warhead.

Carefully, almost lovingly, both men fixed the magnets to the warship's plates. The loose ends of the lanyards that hung from the magnets were firmly secured to the steel bar on the warhead. The men worked slowly and deliberately. The attack was not going to fail, now, for want of attention to detail.

In ten minutes the magnets had been placed and joined to the explosive charge. Ferrier checked and rechecked the attachments, then gave the thumbs-up sign to his Number One. Greenland felt for the fuse setting on the warhead, found the handle of the time clock and turned it gently. It clicked once, twice and Greenland stopped. He had set the charge to explode in two hours' time.

He and Ferrier took one final check and clambered back into their seats. Then, reaching forward to the control panel, Greenland gripped the lever of the release gear that would free the warhead from the torpedo. He pulled it and the chariot jerked downwards as the charge slipped clear. It nestled under the cruiser's hull like a swallow's nest under a roof.

Looking at it, Greenland and Ferrier thought they had never seen a finer sight in their lives. Only one thing, they thought, would be better—the roar and flame of the explosion when the detonator touched off the charge.

Freelance Sabotage

Their main task was done, and the exhilaration of success was like a rush of oxygen. They pushed away from the cruiser and Greenland brought the chariot to the surface twenty yards away. The Ulpio Traiano was doomed, but Palermo had not seen the last of them that night.

Each crew had been given four 5-lb. magnetic charges to use at their discretion. Searching for targets, Greenland turned to port towards the shipping he had dimly seen on the run in to the cruiser. The port was still deserted and the sea had lost none of its chop. But, perhaps because all anxiety had left them when the warhead had swung clear, both men found the darkness easier to penetrate.

They had been told to look for submarine chasers, and Greenland soon spotted three anchored in line ahead. They attacked them in turn, going under the hulls to fix the charges and afterwards withdrawing on the surface. After the tension of the attack on the cruiser, this "freelancing" among the sleeping ships in a supposedly alert enemy harbour was enjoyable and almost carefree. There seemed to be no danger until, when withdrawing from the second chaser towards the third, the torpedo fouled an anchor chain.

The shock sent the chariot's nose down and the screw lifted from the water, racing violently. Greenland got control almost immediately, but one man, at least, was awake in Palermo harbour. Ferrier, as the torpedo sheered away, saw a head appear at the chaser's rails and turn in their direction. But no alarm followed and Greenland was allowed to attack his last target in peace: a merchantman this time, the biggest he could find.

It was time to go. "Head to seaward, stern to wind, a following sea and full speed ahead." They were leaving Palermo as they had entered it—on the surface. Greenland drove the torpedo as hard as he could. He judged that the time must be at least 3.30; there was hardly an hour in which to reach the Thunderbolt before she left her position in the gulf.

Head-on Collision

Soon, he saw the row of buoys that held a net. There was no time, now, for the delays of diving and going under and, in any case, Greenland's oxygen was exhausted. He drove the torpedo straight at the net. Scraping the jack stay, it plunged over like a tired horse, wallowed, rose and went on undamaged.

Greenland bent over the compass; he distrusted it as much as ever, but the time for caution was past. Then he was nearly hurled from his seat. There was a loud report and a brutal impact, and the ugly sound of steel smacked on steel. Was the night blacker, or had Greenland relaxed his concentration? He did not know or care; all that mattered was that the chariot still answered to the controls as he swerved away from the ship into which he had driven it head on.

But the shock had been sobering; he cut the speed down and tried to get his bearings. After a few minutes, Ferrier touched him on the shoulder and pointed to starboard. There, quite close, was a line of buoys which the charioteers thought they recognized. Greenland approached it—and realized that their last hope of escape had gone. The collision had ruined what little efficiency the compass still possessed. The torpedo had been going round in circles.

Sent Torpedo To Bottom

Greenland took it in towards the shore. They were in a small basin which appeared to be a naval dockyard. A small white motor-launch was moored to some steps. Greenland came alongside and climbed aboard, while Ferrier came forward and took his place. While Greenland watched, Ferrier drove the chariot to the middle of the basin and sent it to the bottom. As it sank he floated clear and swam back to the launch.

The two men stood on the steps and helped each other to discard the heavy rubber suits. They did it the easy way, cutting off the breathing gear with their knives and splitting down the rubber seams. Ferrier got the debris together and made a bundle which he tied to the two pairs of lead-weighted diving boots. Then he threw the package into the dark water.

The dockyard steps led to a quay. They walked along it slowly, stretching their cramped and aching limbs, beating their frozen hands together. Both felt very hungry; Ferrier found a stick of chocolate and divided it into two. They could not go very far before dawn showed them where they were. They sat down on a bollard and talked about the night's events. The talk was desultory; both were keyed up by the waiting.

Greenland reckoned that it was nearly 6 a.m.; he had set the time fuse two hours before. They sat there till first light began filtering through the harbour, then Greenland thought they had best make a move. As they got to

their feet, the Ulpio Traiano blew up. The enormous noise was punctuated by smaller explosions. The darkness was swept from the port by wave after wave of livid light. Within a minute, every anti-aircraft gun in Palermo started firing—a feeble chattering after the majestic sound that had gone before. It was as if the guns were firing a farewell volley over the cruiser's grave.

Greenland and Ferrier watched the spectacle as they moved along the deserted dockyard. They had no idea where they were going. But with that bonfire burning behind them, they didn't really care. . . .

How The Others Fared

The second chariot to leave the submarine Thunderbolt met with disaster as it reached the harbour entrance. A battery explosion flooded the buoyant compartments and the machine dived rapidly. For some unknown reason, Able Seaman Simpson, in the Number Two position, failed to "bail out." Petty Officer Miln tried repeatedly to disentangle him from his seat, until the chariot reached a depth of ninety-five feet and Miln, suffering from acute oxygen poisoning, had to surface to save his own life. Miln swam ashore and was taken prisoner.

Of the three chariots that were launched from the Trooper, that driven by Sub-Lieutenant Dove and Leading Seaman Freel succeeded in attacking its target, the 8,500-ton troop transport Viminale. Dove and Freel, like Greenland and Ferrier, reached the shore and were made prisoner.

The Trooper's second chariot, manned by Sub-Lieutenant Stevens and Leading Seaman Carter, had very bad luck. Carter, whose oxygen soon ran out through a defect in his breathing apparatus, was left clinging to a buoy while Stevens went on alone.

He failed to find the harbour entrance, however, and, with time running out, picked up Carter and made for the open sea. The chariot was sighted by the submarine P.46, patrolling outside Palermo for just such an emergency. The men were taken aboard and reached Malta safely.

NEXT WEEK: An escape bid at the gates of the Holy City

A JOB FOR THE DEVIL

Continued from page 11

that he couldn't do. When you were old, time went so fast. Sunday seemed to come two or three times a week. Same when you were happy. Then the days flew. The lovely days. The days with Gert—the years that seemed just days, with the kids sprouting up like corn.

You put the seed in one day, and before you knew where you were, you were reaping the crop. What was the crop of a man's life? he thought. What did he sow? What did he reap? What was the harvest of his life? An old man reaped the days of his life. The thousands of days. He reaped the memories that he'd garnered—the great book of memories, of beauties, that even a man who couldn't read could thumb over in the darkness of night.

He put down the bag and sank on to the bed. It was made of baulks of wood, part of some bulkhead that had been carried away by the wicked sea. Over it he'd nailed chicken wire, and on top of that were sacks of wild white everlastings that rustled when he turned. When they got squashed down, all he had to do was put 'em out in the sun and they came back into shape.

Above the bed was his rifle, an old military gun. There was an arrangement of boxes—all flotsam, and some from foreign lands—that held his stores, his Sunday suit and a few tools. Hardwood pegs driven into the walls held his other clothes, and a spare pair of shoes tied together by their laces. A couple of bushbuck skins lay on the floor, and crates upturned acted as seats and tables. There was also a chair that someone had given him. By the fireplace he had his cook pots, a five-gallon drum with water in it and a tin dipper. He looked at it all with content. It was his. His. He made it. He had very little money left, but owed no man. He owed no one anything. And he had his harvest of memories of gone days, spent days that no one could take from him.

He tried to rise, and managed only with difficulty. So now I can't get up, he thought. But he did get up and feed his hens. Six Rhode Islands and a rooster. They'd been given to him as chicks. He fed them from a tin of scraps mixed with a few mealies he'd brought back from the store. But just in case, he thought—just in case he had more trouble, he'd fix a rope to a peg in the wall, so that he could haul himself up, and leave the door open, so that if he couldn't get up, the animals could get in to him—the chickens and the cats. Old Baby always slept beside him, but he'd want to get out.

He moved the water and the dipper near the bed. He wouldn't cook tonight. He was too tired. The next day he could pull himself up in bed, but his legs had given way. The damn' things, he thought. Sick of it, that's what they were. They'd struck. That was what happened with the body. Bits of it gave up. Well, he'd be all right with just water and bread and raw potatoes for a day or two. In a day or two he'd be all right. Just give those damn' legs a rest. And next Saturday he wouldn't strain 'em. Only go one way. Camp the night in the bush outside the dorp. It would be good to sleep out again with Baby beside him under the stars. Of course, he'd have to take a blanket, but he could put his groceries in the blanket. That was the thing to do. It was a fine plan.

The cats came and went. They sat on his bed, drank some water, and then went out to hunt. The cats could look after themselves if they had to—plenty of birds and mice and rats for them. The chickens perched all round him. They could manage with very little, too. They could scratch up a lot.

But Baby was very thin by Saturday. There was nothing left for Baby, and he couldn't get up to cook.

"If I could cook you some potatoes, old Baby," he said. Baby wagged his tail. He had hardly moved from beside

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the bed. He just lay there, his head on his paws, staring up at his face. "Well, Baby, what shall we do now, old Baby?" he said. He talked to all the animals, to the cats and the hens, to the wild birds that were tame about him. Red-winged starlings, wagtails; the swallows that nested above his head in the cave, coming in and out through the little window that had no glass. They all understood him, too. No doubt about that. "Know every word, don't you, old Baby?"—and Baby wagged his tail.

Well, the Saturday plan didn't work. He couldn't get to the door, much less to the dorp. This was the end, all right, but something had to be done before he lay down to die. The cats were all right. The chickens would live and be safe enough sleeping in the house for a bit, anyway. But old Baby——

"Yes," he said, "Baby, you're the trouble."

Baby wagged his tail.

A PLAN, he thought. The last plan he would make. That was funny, in a way, to think of. The last plan. The last decision. To turn around and lie with his face to the wall and die was not a decision. That would be easy. But this—this was going to be the hardest thing he'd ever done. And there was only one way to do it.

When he'd conquered the devil in the bottle, he'd bought a quart of brandy—just to prove to himself that the devil was conquered. It was under the bed, where it had been for twenty years. Mature, he thought, that's what it would be.

"Well, devil," he said, "you bin a big bother ter me in your time, so now I'm going to make you do something for me. It's a hard job, devil. A devil's job. But we got ter do it."

He reached for the bottle and laid it beside him. Then he stretched up for the rifle.

He opened the bolt and a long brass shell slid up into the breech from the magazine.

"You're the only one, old Baby," he said. "The others I can leave, but you can't just stay here and watch my body till you starve, can you, old Baby? An' that's what you'd do. An' God help anyone that comes near to see what's become of me. So now, devil," he said, "we'll do a last job together, and then I'm off up above with a fine pair of wings like a gull to find old Gert, and you can get back to hell, and for once you'll have done something good in your life."

He had no corkscrew. So, holding the bottle, he knocked off the neck against the ledge above his bed. "Not forgotten that trick, have I, devil?" he said. "You ought ter be pleased, because it's one you taught me long years ago."

Some brandy spilled on the bed, and the long-remembered smell came back to him. "You still smell the same, devil," he said. "You smell different to all men, but that's the way you came to me. Out of a bottle. To some men you come with the perfume of women, of harlots. But I had my woman an' she died. An' in the end she beat you to it, devil, when she stayed my lifting hand. But you were clever, devil, because you showed her to me. You made me hear her voice in the bottle, like a kid hears the sea in the shell at his ear. To some men, devil, you come in the clink of gold, and to some you come in the sound of galloping hoofs. But horses have always been good ter me, an' I don't gamble on my friends."

He got the tin dipper that was hanging on the edge of the water drum and half filled it with brandy. He lifted it to his mouth and drank it in one gulp. Then he pushed down the safety catch of the rifle and said: "Baby, Baby, old Baby, come here. This is where we say goodbye. . . . Now, devil," he said, "you got ter help me. One shot, devil. No misses. Then I'll forgive you, devil, and that'll be the first time a man born of woman has done that."

The dog stood up, gaunt-ribbed, with golden eyes that stared into his own. He put down the rifle. Then he raised it again. Between the eyes in the middle of the high-domed forehead. There'd be one shot. The hens would scream and flutter. The cats would bolt out of the door, and he could lie down in peace and die. No more worries. I'll just lie an' wait for Gert to come and get me, he thought.

He had the foresight between the dog's eyes, a little above them. The dog just stared into his face. The barrel wavered a little. He held it still with an effort. He brought up the backsight. He took the first squeeze on the trigger. Now, devil, he thought, now.

And the dog leaped past him. Past him and out of the open door.

"Well, I'm damned," he said. "He knows. Gert told him. He's gone to get help, and she's fooled the devil again."

He reached to the floor for the bottle standing beside him and threw it in the devil's face. Right between the eyes.

The bottle crashed against the wall and splintered. A red hen rose screaming from behind the devil's seat, and old Jack fell back on the bed.

"What a girl," he said. "Same as ever. Nothing can go wrong with you around." He lay down, back to the wall. Sure, he thought, that's the way to lie. You only lie facing it when you're dying. An' I'm not going to die. I'm just going ter sleep for a bit.

DICK WINTERS had just come in from swimming when Baby galloped into the dorp.

There was a shout. "It's Baby! He's gone mad!"

He saw a man come out of a cottage with a gun. But by the time he'd come out, Baby had gone into the store. He reached the store in time to see him grip its owner, Jan Hoekstra, by the trousers leg. He only held it, then he let go and sat back on his haunches and began to howl. Then he looked round the room as if for help, and howled again.

Hoekstra said: "He's mad. He tried to bite me."

The man with a gun came in and raised it. Winters knocked the barrel up and the shot went into the ceiling.

"Mad, be damned!" he said. "Something's wrong with the old man!" He went up to the dog and held out his hand, palm up. The dog grasped it in his mastiff jaws. He made no attempt to close them, but tried to lead him to the door.

Story, Winters thought. There was a story here all right.

"Come on," he said to Hoekstra. "Come with me and see what's up. Chuck some stuff in a bag. Food, brandy, bandages, iodine. How the hell do we know what's gone wrong? And phone the doctor and police."

"Wrong?" Hoekstra said. "The dog's mad."

"I'll come," the man with the gun said. "I want to see."

"Who'll pay for the stuff?" Hoekstra said.

"I will," Winters said. "But hurry."

"I've got no licence. I can't sell brandy."

"You drink it, don't you?" Winters said. "Give me some of yours and I'll repay you in kind."

"Okay, okay," Hoekstra said. "Don't get excited."

"Who's excited?" Winters said. "There's a story here, and I'm going after it. Fill up a sack. Hold the dog while I get the car." He had an old one that he'd hired; it'd get most places, and when it stopped going they'd walk.

The dog was nervous. Never been in a car before. He sat in the front seat beside Winters, barking and nearly sending them off the track as he dragged at his sleeve.

"Here it is," the man who had the gun said. "Just here." His name was Smit.

"Right," Winters said. The dog was out before the car stopped. Winters ran after him through the trees and down the path that led to the cliff face. Smit came after them with the bag.

OLD Jack was sitting up when they reached the cave, with Baby on the bed beside him. The dog was licking his face.

Winters went up to him. He didn't move. Winters took his hand and let it fall.

"He's dead," Smit said. "Old Jack's dead."

"Well, that's that," Winters said. "Too late. Looks as if the old boy starved. Too late, that's what we were."

"Yes," Smit said, "too late."

"We'll go back," Winters said. "Nothing to do here now. The police'll be along, I expect."

"They'll come," Smit said. "Jan Hoekstra called them." He still had his gun with him. He was holding it in the crook of his arm.

Winters went out through the door. A queer way to live, he thought, and a queer way to die. An odd idea struck him. Men were all born one way, but there was a lot of variety in death, in the manner of its coming. He stared out to sea. Looking for a ship. Funny how you always looked for a ship when you looked at the sea. Then he climbed up the path to the car.

As he opened the car door he heard a shot. What did Smit shoot? he wondered.

When Smit came, he asked him, "What did you shoot?"

"Shoot?" he said. "I shot the dog." He broke open his gun, ejected a shell and blew down the barrel. "Dangerous dog, that," he said. "Wouldn't have let anyone in to old Jack, once he realized he was dead."

"I guess you're right," Winters said. Yes, he was right. A pity there'd been no story in it. No human interest. He hated to be wrong. THE END

LIFE WITH FATHER

WHEN I was seventeen, my father took me to Rome, where a strike occurred soon after we arrived. The streets were in an uproar, and Father was determined to be in the thick of it. Mother refused to accompany him, so he and I went off together.

I recall our entering a piazza and thinking it looked oddly deserted. Suddenly, we became aware of people all around watching us from the shelter of the houses. I was terrified and wanted to run for it. But Father restrained me. "We must be calm," he said, and led me with great dignity to shelter.

My earliest recollections are linked with a sort of hide-and-seek, in which Father and I conspired to play truant, while Mother tried to keep him at work. A general's daughter, she had married her music teacher, the son of a local tradesman. But she was convinced of his great future, and determined not to let him fritter away his talents.

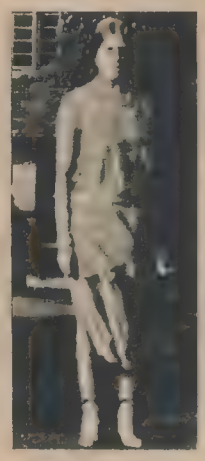
Everything was subjugated to his career. She nursed his inspiration, and saved him from tedious musical chores by copying all the band parts of an opus herself. She managed him and gratified his whims, and she brought me up as the devotee of a genius.

Had she succeeded in her purpose, Mother would have turned Father into an automatic composing machine. But, to her despair, he remained undisciplined, the slave of his hobbies: carpentry, burning patterns on wood with a poker, his microscope, photography, or fishing—though of this he once admitted to me that with a rod he could sit for hours on a river bank, just thinking, whereas without one he would be suspect.

The earliest hobby I can remember was kite flying. We spent whole summer days together on the common, tugging on the line that led up to our particular dot in the sky, and Father's first thought every morning was not for the current oratorio, but whether the wind was right. If it was, nothing could keep him at the piano.

Another passion was chemistry. He invented a special sulphuretted hydrogen apparatus, of no particular application save that of making dreadful smells.

For our experiments, Mother relegated us to the basement of the terrace house we lived in at Hereford. One day, when Father



should have been working on "The Kingdom," we decided to manufacture chlorine gas.

Everything went beautifully, until Mother came downstairs coughing to say that her bedroom was full of fumes; the gas had entered through the chimney.

Father's store of knowledge on a wide range of subjects was truly astonishing. But he was basically interested in people, and liked to have long conversations with tradesmen and others who called at the house. He was an excellent mimic.

Without a forceful person like Mother behind him, it is hard to imagine Father rising so spectacularly to fame, as he did in the ten years after she married him. He was a kindly, sensitive Victorian, with a simple love of animals and nature. Everybody liked him.

He never changed, though he acquired more honours and distinctions than Mother had ever dreamed of. He was a frequent guest at Buckingham Palace, and I can still see him dressing with great care before going to one of King Edward VII's dinner parties.

Best of all, I think, I remember his sense of fun, his punning, his stories told mainly against himself, like the dialogue with a woman in Hampstead the day he and I took a newly acquired Aberdeen terrier for a walk. The dog was pulling him along, practically choking itself on the lead, when the woman approached.

"Don't you think it's cruel to deny that poor dog its natural liberty by having it on a lead?" she asked.

"Madam," said my father, "the dog has me on the lead."

Who was the famous father? For his name—and the complete photograph—turn to page 39

THE GALLANT PROFESSOR

Continued from page 16

side, and coming upwards like a swift tide. The flames, palest orange, scarcely were visible in the white glare of the sun, but they spread hungrily over the sere grass tussocks, the parched bushes. The crackling grew fiercer. With a report like a cannon, a bleached old cork-oak some distance from the fire suddenly was sheeted in flame. Then another went up, spouting sparks like a roman candle.

There was a great boulder just to the left of the track, here on the hilltop. Henry made a gangling leap for the boulder, steadied himself, looked down over the trees. He could see Sylva's house, down there on the far slope, across the dried-up watercourse. Sylva sat on the veranda. From the side of the house, two women ran out and stood shading their eyes, looking across at the fire. There was no sign of Uncle Pedro.

Smoke rose, now, from the burning grasses. Black specks floated in the air. The flames came racing on, upwards and outwards over the hillside, and Henry, leaping from the boulder, ran down the track to meet the fire. Its heat came ahead of it. He kept going. He hadn't seen Uncle Pedro on the other side of the hill, hadn't seen him on the veranda. So he had to be along the track here somewhere.

Henry's eyes smarted, sweat streamed down inside his clothes. He plunged on down the track, the crackle of flames deafening on either side of him, the heat intense. And he almost fell over Uncle Pedro. The old man lay sprawled face down, half on the track, half off it. A cork tree flamed fiercely nearby. Sparks rained down; the old man's jacket was smouldering. Henry rolled him on to his back. He breathed stertorously, mumbled, half opened his eyes. He reeked of cognac.

"Get up!" Henry shouted.

PULLING the old man to his feet he slung him over his shoulder and plunged down the track. In a few seconds, he was clear of the flames and stumbling over the bleached stones of the watercourse. He laid the old man down on the other side, looked back up at the fire. It nearly had reached the crest; the whole hillside was aflame. Up there on the hilltop, he glimpsed men from the village, beating futilely with fire-brooms. They looked distorted by the shimmering heat-currents.

He examined the old man quickly, but there seemed nothing the matter with him except that he was extremely drunk, snoring and mumbling. Henry glanced up at the house. The two women, in black dresses and white aprons, were running down towards him. On the veranda, the man in the wheel-chair sat watching.

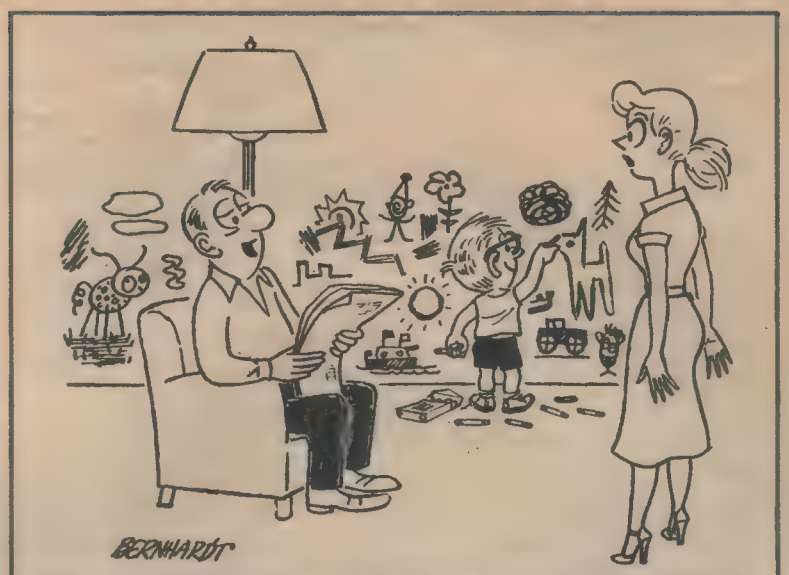
Henry went to meet the women. "Look after the old man," he told them, and he strode on up the slope with a grimness and a purpose that belonged more to the ex-lieutenant of an anti-tank battery than to either a history don or a collector.

He went up the steps to the veranda, walked straight across to Sylva, wrenched the rifle out of the man's hands. He drew the bolt back sharply. An ejected cartridge-case clattered on the floor of the veranda. He picked up the case, looked at the dented percussion cap. There was a purple dot on it. Sylva put out a hand suddenly to the loose rounds lying on the table beside his wheel-chair.

"No!" Henry said. "*I* want those."

He got them, dropped them into his jacket pocket. He looked at Sylva stonily.

"I've been a civilian too long," Henry said. "I'd almost forgotten what a purple dot meant on the percussion cap of a British-made three-o-three round of ammunition. You're pretty cold-blooded, Sylva. You've been waiting for this chance, haven't you? You knew the old man would be goaded into coming to see you himself sooner or later. Once rid of him, and



"I reasoned with him about it, and he convinced me it was O.K."

you knew the rest of the family would sell you their inn and their quarry. It was worth burning up a hillside of worthless old trees to get what you wanted, wasn't it? You spoke him fair, I've no doubt—and plied him with your cognac. You hoped the exertion of climbing back over the hill there, and the heat, and the cognac, all combined, would make him pass out somewhere along the track. And it did. And you were watching. You saw him go down, and you fired a tracer bullet into whichever of those old cork-oaks was nearest him—knowing that it would go up like tinder and the old man be burned to death."

The bald man in the wheel-chair looked at him with unwinking, topaz eyes, the thin mouth cruel as a shark's. "Professor," Sylva said, "you are an interloper and an intolerable, pettifogging nuisance. If I were on my feet——"

"If you were on your feet," Henry said, "I should take this rifle, these loose rounds, this spent cartridge, straight to the police. As it is—I'm offering you an alternative. Sell those people the ground they need to continue working their quarry and giving employment to half the men in the village—or face the police."

"You call that a choice?" Sylva said. "I know checkmate when I see it, Professor. I'll sell."

"Send your attorney to the inn not later than tomorrow morning," Henry said.

He withdrew the bolt from the rifle, dropped the bolt into his pocket. "Here's your rifle," he said. "I'll return the bolt and the loose rounds by your attorney tomorrow. I've got to go back over the hill presently, with Uncle Pedro, and I shouldn't feel comfortable between the shoulder-blades unless I had this bolt in my pocket."

Sylva looked at him with those yellow, unwinking eyes. "Professor, you'd have gone far in South America—in the old days."

"I doubt it," Henry said mildly. "I'm not a man of action—just a scholar of sorts."

BUT he was also a collector. As he was walking back down the slope, under the flaming hillside, an incredible thought occurred to him. His dream had come true.

It was a strange situation. Lunching next day at the ponderous table in the parlour end of the inn's one large room, Henry heard the family, lunching at the kitchen end, happily discussing the attorney's visit and speculating as to the reasons for Sylva's change of mind.

"Ah, he is not such a bad fellow," Uncle Pedro said. "He spoke very reasonably to me yesterday. His cognac is strong and he has a head for liquor. I was a fool to try to drink level with him—an old man like me, with blood pressure. Still, he is not a bad fellow—a travelled man—seen a lot of the world."

Sanchia brought Henry his coffee. She referred again to the family's gratitude to him for getting Uncle Pedro clear of the brush fire. They had heard about that from the men with fire-brooms, but the whole story—the real, inner truth of the story—they didn't know.

"We shall always be deeply grateful to you, *senhór*," Sanchia said. "Must you really leave us this afternoon?"

"I'm afraid so," Henry said.

He was acutely conscious of the window, to his left there; of the white-washed window-sill, with the mule box standing between the potted geraniums. The Duke of Wellington's mule box!

IN Henry Bow's soul, the don strove with the collector. So even was the conflict, he felt as though his head were clamped in a vice. To save his life, he couldn't even have glanced at the box, let alone have referred to it.

Sanchia poured his coffee. One slim hand held back the veil from her cheek. She set down the coffee-pot. "*Senhór*," she said. Her eyes were dark, lustrous. Henry saw with surprise that she was blushing; and he became aware that, from the far end of the room, the other three were watching with expectant smiles, Uncle Pedro looking somewhat embarrassed.

"We hope you won't be offended," Sanchia said, "but we should all greatly like you to take away a small token of our gratitude. We happened to notice, the day you came, that you seemed to be interested in the box on the window-sill. If you would like to have it, we should be very happy."

My dream! Henry thought. He felt the blood hot in his cheeks. The don in him, his better self, delicate in points of honour, gained the day. Nothing could have induced him to accept the mule box. He rose.

"*Senhora*," he said, intensely embarrassed, "I beg you—please—"

She looked at him appealingly. "Uncle Pedro would be so proud," she said. "For many years there was a mule box here that we always understood had belonged to the great Duke, but it was sold long ago because we were told that it was our duty to let it go into a museum. Uncle Pedro made some more just like it. He is a very clever carpenter, and can make things look old, and he sells them as curiosities to tourists who come. He would be so proud if you would accept this one. You would not be depriving us. See? We have plenty more."

She opened the door of the huge wardrobe-like cupboard. It was stacked with mule boxes.

She looked up at him eagerly. "You *will* take it?"

He was a scholar and a gentleman. He drew a deep breath.

"With gratitude, *senhora*," said Henry Bow.

THE END

DIGBY

Continued from page 22

me." He began to dress. "You know, Mr. Ross, you are grateful to me for capturing your fish, but the truth is I enjoyed it. Whiles I think I'm just a primitive beast lusting to kill."

Digby reclined in the sun. "I should say that you're a very Christian man," he remarked lazily. "But if you really want to win Elspeth's hand—and I must say I think she'd be an extremely lucky girl to have you—then you must allow a little of the Adam to peep out. Don't forget what I'm saying."

"Indeed I won't," said the young minister. "Oh dear, I'm in such a muddle about myself. But you've done me a power of good. Cheerio then, Mr. Ross, and thank you."

He mounted the bicycle and rode off, wrestling with the devil in himself, no doubt. Digby closed his eyes. . . .

"Well, now, a nice wee fish too, and here's me taking the gaff away on ma back. You'd think I might learn sense after all these years. How did you get it landed, Mr. Ross? I'm right sorry."

"The minister happened to be here. He undressed and went in after it. Pretty sporting of him."

MacLagan nodded gravely. "Reverend McLean has the makings o' a meenister."

They walked home.

Fiona's car was not outside the house. He went in. Balgersho and Elspeth were talking in the hall. They stopped.

"Hullo, old boy," Hamish said. "I brought you a sweet surprise."

"Indeed," said Digby. "Some little doll, was it, perhaps?" He had this character buttoned up now.

Balgersho looked solemn, raised his eyebrows. "I'll be back for dinner." He went out.

"I got a fish—all of fifteen pounds."

Lately Elspeth had been giving him ugly looks. She would hardly even say good morning. But now she smiled quite warmly. "Did you, Digby? Well done!"

"Thanks to Lachlan McLean. We didn't have a gaff, so he dived in for it. I admire that fellow tremendously."

"Hmmm," Elspeth remarked. "Must get a hot-water bottle." She departed.

Digby could hear the colonel's voice droning from the smoking-room direction. Talk, talk, what a gasbag! Must go and tell him about the salmon. The french windows were open; the voice came from outside. Digby stopped half way.

"I can't express what a relief, dear lady," he was saying. "What a great pleasure it is to have you with us, a load off my mind, not that he isn't wonderfully well, all things considered. I packed him off fishing this morning, the best medicine of all. . . ."

HE did not toy with his suspicion. He went out. Madeleine and Colonel Galbraith sat in deck-chairs on the croquet lawn. She turned.

"Hullo, Digby," she said. She wore a coat and skirt of very bright tweed, a pair of shoes like Fiona's, only brown. She was bareheaded, a totally different hair-do of the windswept kind. "I just couldn't resist coming to this divine country."

"Hullo," said Digby. Surprise and outrage struggled in him. He very nearly turned on his heel and walked back to the house. But he mastered himself. *She's your wife*, his code said. He bent and kissed Madeleine on the forehead.

"Isn't this the most delightful wow you ever heard of?" The colonel was bouncing with bonhomie and good cheer, his eyes shrewd little marbles. "Go and get yourself a drink," he said kindly. "And you might top me up too, young feller. Half and half. Oh, by the way, Digby P., there's a piece all about us in some paper your wife brought. It's on the table."

Why did she come? To fetch me back? What else could it be? And that old devil must have been in it! I'll teach her!

The *New York Express* was open at Cy Becker. The first reading was a

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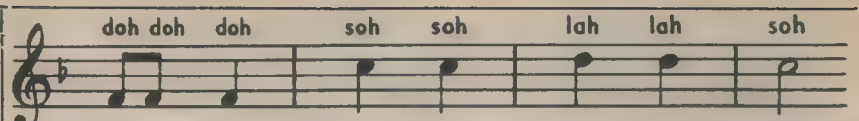

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shock, but after the second, things suddenly seemed far too bad to matter. Indeed, they were funny. "Presiding blimp magistrate Galbraith" was good, and "drink-sodden Ambassador" was all right, too. From anger, Digby passed to hearty laughter. Madeleine's arrival was explained. Practically any minute now she would put on a finely dramatized wife-to-the-rescue act. He poured himself a moderate drink and the colonel a snorter. He carried glasses and paper outside. "Becker certainly went to town on you, Colonel."

"You betcha! I haven't been in the papers, except the *Citizen*, for ages, and never in America, I'll wager. Absurd, of course, because as I was saying to your dear wife, I dote on Americans by and large, particularly the ladies, God bless them. Did you see your own likeness? It's further on."

Digby found the picture. "Good of Fiona," he said blandly. "I wouldn't exactly say it does *me* justice." He watched Madeleine's eyes. The lashes might have flickered or they might not. He did not care what she said or looked or thought.

Poor Madeleine, quite shattered by events.

"We had the loveliest flight up from Prestwick," she said. "Lord Balgersho took me over Loch Tay and Kenmore. He promised to take me fishing tomorrow. I'm simply dying to have a rod in my hands. Is that his river?"

"No," explained the colonel. "That's the Kil. Fiona has the right bank. I have the left. Balgersho's river Bal is a tributary of the Kil, or vice versa according to which way you look at it. They join over there beyond a place we call the Bloody Gorge."

"The Bloody Gorge," she said musingly. "What a fierce name."

"It was the scene of a massacre," Digby said. *My* massacre in a small way when you come down to it, he thought, watching across the valley for signs of Fiona's car. "Talking of rivers, Colonel, I killed a salmon this afternoon, all of fifteen, in the Shepherd's Pool."

"Hot dog!" cried the colonel with tremendous enthusiasm. "Bravo, young feller. You've shot grouse, you've killed a fish—didn't put a hook into anyone, did you? Nothing remains now but a stag. 'Watch out!' they'll all be roaring in the forest. 'Here comes Digby P., in his rubber boots.' Well, we must celebrate this fresh triumph. Mrs. Ross—Madeleine, if you'll allow an old fellow to call you by your charming name—Madeleine, let me get you a sweetener, not that such a thing is possible." He was indescribably arch.

He took his own glass too. The colonel started with pink gins at 11 a.m., rested briefly after luncheon, and soaked whisky until midnight. You could not say that alcohol affected him. He was equally ebullient and intolerable at breakfast as at dinner.

"How nice of you to come," Digby said to her alone. He was annoyed again, not because he cared whether Madeleine was in Iceland or at Pensacola, but because it was a breach of good taste to arrive like this. Also, things were going to be damned awkward; he could see that standing out a mile.

And what was this new game by a complete stranger, a wife he knew all about and nothing about? The tweeds, the brogues, the cascading hair, the thirst for sport—what were these in aid of? He was suspicious. If she had come here to make a fool of him, she could look out for herself.

"I don't know why I came," Madeleine said. "I can't even remember. All I know is that the Highlands are sort of fey. It's like a dream country here."

The colonel was back. "There you are, my dear. I do hope you're going to be happy. We rough it a bit, but I'm glad to say that things are looking up. I managed to charter a cook, Mrs. Moloney from Dublin town. She took up residence this very day, bearing the highest of references. It'll be a nice change from Elspeth's stodge, even if in my sad experience I have found that life with a cook nowadays is apt to be a

brief honeymoon, the better the briefer. However, it will free Elspeth for some much-needed housework."

"I think I'll take a bath now," Digby said, as he had said so many times to Madeleine.

"This is a gala night," called the colonel after him. "Full fig, Digby P. Dinner jackets! Do give us a break by donning your tuxedo."

Digby hurried to his north wing. He had something to find out before taking a bath. He peered round every door. Each room had the same central huddle of furniture under dust sheets blue or red, each had striped wallpaper of dreadful polychrome, each had staggy or fishy or birdy or doggy pictures; all were unoccupied. What a relief—any proximity would have been painful, nay, indecent; and it did show that Madeleine intended to be sensible. Well, live and let live. On with the mad dance.

Fiona was there when he went downstairs. She was drinking Bourbon moodily in an armchair. But wonder of wonders and joy of joys, she wore no trace of Highland costume. Tonight she wore a short evening gown of flaming saffron, held aloft by some miracle of counterpoise or thrust below her bare brown shoulders. It was a dress in a million, a brain-child out of Jacques Fath, Christian Dior and Madame Schiaparelli, an inspired quintessence.

"Let's have a look at you." He took her by the hands.

She did not smile, but suffered herself to stand. He drank of her beauty—the gleaming auburn mane, brushed and brushed and brushed by Nanny, the satin tan of skin, the green and sulky eyes, the splendid semi-captive bounty, the dress a sheath, then flowing down away and out so gaily from the waist, the high-denier nylons which were his contribution, the tangy whimper of Tabu—his also, bought by late whim at Idlewild airport.

The house was quiet. He gathered her into his embrace. She was angry about something but probably not him. She did not say: "Don't muss me up!" She gave back good measure. They broke. She repaired her face. He wiped his mouth. He said: "You're marvellous. You're a knock-out. You're not of this world."

"What's this about your wife?" she hissed. "What gudgey capers is she up to?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. It doesn't make any difference."

Footsteps on the gravel. Digby moved away, not too far, just casually in the manner of an accomplished villain.

It was Balgersho. "Hallo," he said. "I say, Queenie, you'll be blowing your tops'ls if you don't look out. No tantrums now. That's exactly what would do it. Hallo again, Digby."

Balgersho made a noble figure—brown velvet doublet, bright dress kilt of many colours, golden-tasselled badger sporran, polished waist-belt, diced hose red and white, skean-dhu tucked into hose below a stalwart knee, silver-buckled shoes, ceremonial dirk at hip, the careless elegance of lace at throat and wrist. Crowning it all, his own leashed amiable arrogance.

I must be careful, Digby thought. I must take a grip and observe the proprieties and try to keep my eyes off Fiona. I really must out of fairness to Madeleine, poor Madeleine.

But here she was. She might for the daytime have adopted a guise of the prickly tweeds, the lumbering footwear she despised. Not for this gala night, though. By coincidence, or by some woman's envious imitative intuition, Madeleine also wore a short and strapless evening gown. Hers was the deepest shade of wine. It, too, stayed in suspension by the miracles of artifice and nature. Her shoulders were ivory perfection, her black hair groomed to a glowing gloss.

But what a difference! The warm opulence, the undulant brown skin, the fiery passion of the hill—his new love. The cool constraint, the white skin, the smart sophistication of the city—his old discarded love, no more appealing than a graceful statue.

"Madeleine," he heard his own voice say. "I don't think you've met Fiona Kilburnie of the Birks."

Madeleine smiled. She left you cold but she did wear graces. "How d'you do," she said, and shook Fiona's hand. "I've been looking forward to meeting you."

"Welcome," said Fiona, also friendly. "Welcome to our Highlands."

They parted, and Madeleine accepted sherry, and Hamish prowled over. "My God," he said, looking down at her. "That dress suits you." So abrupt and different from his nonchalant habit, like the rough hissed summons of a courting python.

Madeleine blushed. "Thank you," she said, regained composure. "I do love lace, and are those really knives, those wicked-looking things?" She touched his dirk, and pointed down to skean-dhu. He drew them one by one to show her.

Digby drank whisky, watching them. What a marvellous outcome to my problems if Madeleine and Hamish were to hit it off, he thought.

Now here was poor, plain Elspeth and the colonel. "Hallo, everybody," said Colonel Galbraith. He was dressed up too, but not with lace. The gong sounded. "Let's make a good impression on Mother Moloney's first night."

Fiona and Madeleine led the way through wide doors precisely level, then Elspeth, Digby, Hamish, the colonel. "Sit in the place of honour, Madeleine my dear." So kind and courtly. "Fiona, you on my left. Digby at Elspeth's fair right hand. Hamish, take the remaining pew."

They sat down to bowls of soup.

"What delicious soup," said Madeleine. "I don't think I know it."

"Hare soup, made from the blood of the blue hare," the colonel said.

Digby glanced across. The very mention of gore would make her shudder.

"Really?" she said, and drank the rest.

The door opened and in swept Mrs. Moloney. She was a big woman, a very striking grey-haired lady of about fifty. In her starched white housecoat she reminded you of a battleship steaming majestically into a tropical harbour at day's end — the purples, wines, saffrons, beauties, silver and mahogany reflections which were the dining-room on this gala evening. She was impressive. She bore a silver platter, on that a mighty sizzling roast of beef. She placed it before the colonel.

His eyes gleamed. "Oh, by Jove, I say, Mrs. Moloney, this is capital. Did you ever see such a sirloin?" He stood, rasped carver expertly twice along steel, then sliced as smooth as butter down across the undercut. "Just right. I hope you're hungry, Madeleine."

"Sure and they're hungry, the pretty ladies and the pretty gentlemen in kilts. Says I to meself, Bridget Moloney, says I, it's a pure delight to be cooking again for a military man like Colonel Galbraith. He's a gentleman will be loving the blessing of good food."

The colonel bridled. Mrs. Moloney's deep Irish voice was lovelier than the Scots. She watched him solicitously. You could see how she doted already on the colonel's stomach. But she took them all within her compass of benevolence. "The lords and ladies," she said. "The quality. It's like real old times in Ireland. Thank you, Colonel dear." She bowed and went out.

Everybody's heart warmed to Mother Moloney for her cooking and for calling them the quality—not least Digby. Only Elspeth seemed to sulk as she took round claret, an excellent full-bodied wine. The colonel himself carried a glass of it to the kitchen. He came back. He was benign. It was decidedly his evening. "Happy days are here again, touch wood and cross my fingers. Now we'll have a toast for a special occasion, because I don't believe I ever in all my life sat between two such visions of beauty—our Highland queen and our new world queen, the fair one and the dark one."

After beef it was meringues, cream from the home farm, raspberries from the garden. What a simple succulent feast fit for the quality of Scotland and America.

Hamish had not spoken much. He

Advertiser's Announcement

Reporting on Beauty

New American tooth whitener "banned" in England

By Janet Clayton

THE new American tooth whitener discovered by a New York scientist is not allowed into England. So decyl-carminate, the new "miracle" ingredient, has to be made in this country, under special U.S.A. licence, because dollars cannot be spared for supplies of this precious new substance. But it's in the shops at last, and I've tried it.

I'm a bit of a Doubting Dora as a rule, but decyl-carminate has certainly won me over. It works. Straight away. I used it first one morning, and, before I got to the office, two of my travelling companions had noticed the difference and asked me for the secret.

IT was the brother of an old school friend—a dentist in America—who put me on to this discovery; and he tells me that decyl-carminate is just about the finest thing for your teeth, as it is so "kind" to the precious dental enamel. Toothpaste containing decyl-carminate is accepted by the profession as the latest and best way to get snowy-white (and brightly polished) teeth—without the slightest danger of scratching the enamel.

WHAT'S more, a tube of this toothpaste, costing only the same as the older fashioned types of paste, lasts just twice as long. And you are told to use only the merest touch on your brush—half as much as usual—in order to remove all unsightly stains and get teeth 2 or 3 shades whiter. For this reason, this new paste is called "Less Toothpaste." You ask for a tube of "Less," or "Less Toothpaste."

"LESS"—a deep pink paste—is also ammoniated. America has gone wild about ammoniated toothpaste, because of its decay-reducing qualities. Regular use of this toothpaste keeps down dental caries (dentists' language for cavities) to a minimum.

In case of difficulty in obtaining "Less" locally, 1s. 7½d. sent to Lauraine Laboratories, Ltd., 4, Star Road, London, W.14., mentioning "JOHN BULL," will bring you a tube post free.

now captured Madeleine from her host. "What time shall we start tomorrow? I'll fly over for you." He stared at her.

"Any time, Hamish. I'm such an early bird. I'll be ready whenever you say. Oh, I'm looking forward to the fishing and everything so much. Could we go up the mountains, too?"

"Easily. Come to think of it, if the river's in ploy, which I think it will be, and we get a fish, I don't see why we mightn't try for a stag in the afternoon."

"It's too early for a stag," put in Fiona with sharp disapproval.

"There's no close season. They're not in velvet. They're mine, not yours. M.Y.O.B., Queenie. You look after your royal pets, and leave my stags to me."

It was unkind, the way Balgersho said it. He might even be very slightly angry. You couldn't tell. But it was certainly annoying the way this guy she cordially disliked could get the better of her every time—and you, whom she loved so madly, never could.

He soothed her knee, back and forward through sheer warmed nylon.

"Digby P. hasn't tried for a stag yet," said the colonel, peacemaker. "It would hardly do for Madeleine to beat him to it. That would upset the most devoted husband. I say, Fiona, why don't you pocket your principles and take old Digby out tomorrow and make a competition of it? See if the Birks can beat Balgersho! Mixed doubles, America and Scotland, a magnificent conception."

The colonel's eyes were gleaming. Where was the catch, what was the devilry in this idea? Digby's right hand gave suave approval. Pat, pat, and squeeze. *Say yes, Fiona.*

This time she did obey him. Or perhaps she would always throw down the gauntlet to Balgersho. Whatever the reason, she said calmly: "My plans for the Gathering are all made. Och yes, we'll take you on and beat you. The best head wins the competition." She returned encouragement to her partner. *Squeeze.* The four slim fingers and the thumb.

MADELEINE leaned across the table. "A gathering? A Gathering of the Clans? Why, how exciting!"

"Just the one clan," Fiona said with a proud pout. "The Gathering of Clan Kilburnie! The day after tomorrow my clansmen will come from the four corners of the earth to pay me homage. And it's all arranged—down to the last wee item: the buffet lunch, the Birks royal whisky, the massed pipers and the dancing, the lawns all cut, the throne on Chieftain's Rock. I did everything and Digby helped me. Digby's been like a henchman. He's to make a speech and march at my side in the procession. It's a special honour to America."

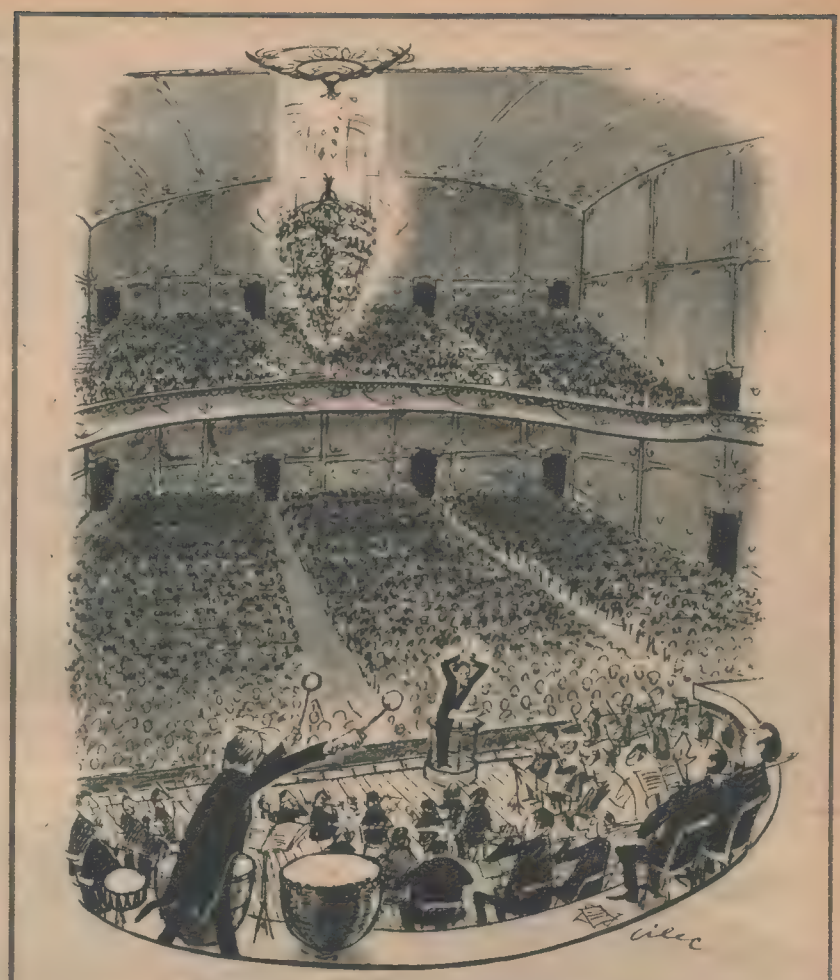
There was a chorus of surprise at this; Digby had agreed unwillingly to march and speak. The idea made him proud, but also nervous—not so much the marching as the speech. He did not know what to say. He did not even have a subject. None of the old material would do. It was thirty-six hours away. It had been bothering him off and on for days. Oh, dear.

"Digby is always making speeches," Madeleine said in the nicest possible nasty way. "Such clever ones about dams and things. Miles over my head."

"You're a man of parts, Digby P.," said the colonel, beady-eyed. "I might be there to cry bravo! And now," clapping his hands, "why don't we have a foursome? I'll play and you four dance. Hamish, you can take Madeleine through it. Fiona, you teach Digby P. as part of his clan education. Now let's go and have our coffee. Elspeth, find my pipes."

"What a darling idea!" cried Madeleine. "I long to do your Highland dances."

So, in a while, they danced a foursome reel upon the lawn. Colonel Galbraith was a good piper of the apoplectic never-quite-bursting type. His jowls and throat swelled enormously; he spanked the bag, went for



"With any luck, it should coincide with the big drum-roll at the end of the next bar..."

brief walks, stopped to lick his reed, to fiddle with clanking drones, then blew and spanked again until all three drones squealed harmoniously to his satisfaction.

Digby lumbered through it, pulled here and thrust there by Fiona. She was a heavenly dancer. Balgersho was magnificent. Madeleine made a woman's light-footed compromise with the strange steps, contriving to be graceful. Only Digby was alien, clumsy and resentful in his dinner jacket, being made a guy of. Now into the hurrying scurry of the reel-time, Balgersho's arms high, kilt flying, legs twinkling in a flurry of double ball-cuts, his yells the savage calling of his blood. It was pagan and impressive. Fiona cried, too, and so did Madeleine. Digby blundered through in silence. All over. He mopped his brow. He had enjoyed it in a sort of way.

"How glorious!" cried Madeleine, face flushed. "I could dance and dance all night!" She kicked off her shoes again, threw her arms wide, pirouetted, and bounded all the way along the croquet lawn with skips and jumps and scampers like a ballerina, and back again to twirl once slowly, hands linked above her head. She sank in a deep curtsy to the colonel, then held her right hand out to him, fingers drooping.

"Bravo!" he said, kissing it in courtly fashion. "By Jove, the most graceful thing I ever saw." Good God! Digby thought. She's gone crazy.

THE sun was setting. The air seemed to hold an echo of the pipes, but it was quiet. You could not imagine any other place than this. Madeleine walked with Hamish to his plane. The colonel went in for a burra peg. Elspeth was still washing up. "Let's stroll," Digby said.

They strolled on the mossy path which led to the colonel's giant lily. They could not be seen from the house. They kissed.

"She isn't as nice as I am, is she? She hasn't got near as braw a figure, has she, Digby?"

"No," he growled.

"Kiss me again, Digby."

But soon they wandered back. He pushed her car to the top of the hill. She chugged away. Madeleine had retired. The colonel was still lapping whisky. Elspeth had started on another sweater, a red one.

Digby was the sole inhabitant of the north wing. He had eaten too much and danced too vigorously too soon after.

He thought again about his speech. They came easily to him in ordinary life. This one would not come, not a clue or a vestige. Then he started wondering what the hell could have gotten into Madeleine. He slept.

NEXT day, they climbed all day. It seemed to Digby that he had toiled uphill forever, that there was nothing but ascent, that there would always be a higher crest beyond.

They had moved in a quarter circle. The south wind touched first upon their right cheeks; then, as they swung along the massif of Ben McKercher, it blew in general from full ahead. It was a strong wind, a true wind in the mares'-tailed sky, but there, at the steep roof of Scotland, it swirled and turned upon itself, and dived and funnelled by corrie, cliff and gully.

They had paused often to search new ground. They had seen many beasts; none that satisfied Fiona. "No," she would mutter, steadying the telescope against her stick. "No" and again "No," dismissing each stag. "A good ten-pointer, but he wouldn't win. Not against Balgersho."

Meanwhile, Digby would recover breath. He was a humble apprentice admiring the virtuosity of his mentor. She wore a jacket with the kilt; her hair was gathered in a dark green kerchief; her face shone brown and beautiful, and dried in the wind, and grew wet again at moments. She hardly spoke. "Come away, then," was about all she said, closing the telescope with hollow snap, leading the way to still higher places.

He trailed along behind, carrying the rifle. He was tired and hot and a bit fed-up. It isn't for me she wants the stag, he thought sourly. It's to win a skirmish in the eternal feud.

But now at last the true summit

was in view, and she took him into her confidence. "That's the top of McKercher," she murmured, pointing to a cairn of stones a little above them to the left. They were following the right side of a shoulder. "The march with Balgersho goes by the highest ground up over and down south. This is our last chance."

She drew open the telescope. This time she wriggled forward on her front to spy between rocks. Her legs were very bare above the knee. He watched them. They were the wrong thing to watch at such a time, but he had nothing else to do. There was a network of fine little scratches criss-crossed about the dulcet skin, not real scratches—just the wiry teasings of the heather. It was her legs that told him she had seen a worthy stag. They drummed up and down, one, two, three, four times like a swimmer's crawl, expressive. "Here, Digby," she breathed. "Leave the rifle."

He crawled up with his binoculars, edged to a cleft. He saw the stag at once.

It lay in a small flat place on the ridge that fell south from the crest of McKercher. It lay broadside, but the head faced north—down-wind—turning very slowly from side to side. Six points—or was it seven?—on one antler, six on the other, a wide-sweeping head.

The stag rested wary but unsuspicious at the very march, the boundary watershed between the hills of Kilburnie and the hills of Balgersho.

"Four hundred," she murmured. "Too far for you." She wriggled back. So did he. She was calm and intent, dedicated to this purpose. At her bidding, he took the rifle out of its canvas cover, made sure it was loaded, put on the safety catch.

"Follow me. Do what I do."

He followed her, walking when she walked, crouching when she crouched, crawling when she crawled. The moss was cold. The stones were sharp. She had drawn a pair of knitted knee-caps out of her pocket, slipped them deftly up her legs. She thinks of everything. She's wonderful.

A brown and white bird, a ptarmigan, shot low overhead like a bullet on the wind, croaked, was gone.

Fiona froze. "Rest till you get your breath. Mind now, aim low behind the shoulder. It's two hundred yards from here. If he's still lying I'll try to put him up. Hold straight, Digby!"

He knew how important it was to her. He would hold straight. He had taken a practice shot down at the Birks this morning, toppled a small can at a hundred. His breathing was easier.

"Good luck, Digby!"

They were in a steep gully. He crawled up the side. He was making no mistake. Edged slowly inch by inch, his right eye round a rock. The stag was still lying. He slid back to tell her.

"I'll show myself higher up."

He listened to her moving, hardly any noise, which was miraculous with nailed shoes on rock. She does everything better than everybody. He waited, rifle in shoulder, finger at trigger guard, safety catch off, an ivory bead and a wide V, perfect sights, ready to fire, pulse a little fast but holding steady. The stag's head still turned its watchful sweep. Sometimes seen in Digby's left eye, a flutter of white up the gully, a handkerchief. The stag had also seen; the nose came higher; it watched perfectly still now in that high place in sunshine above the hills.

Flutter again. Fiona was being clever, neither too cautious nor too insistent. She could read the mind of the red deer. She was the keeper of this royal stag. It was her charge and her quarry, her fine free beast to be sacrificed at the prime. The thing was perfect and inevitable.

The stag was standing broadside, magnificent.

Digby took aim, began the final squeeze.

The shot sounded in a first sharp crack, then echoed from the corrie, then spread to the near hills and the farther hills and the far hills. All gave answer in reverberating clangour, loud to quiet to faint to silence. As the echoes dwindled into nothing, so the stag stiffened, crumpled and lay dead. It had not moved a yard.

Digby took his forefinger from the trigger. He heard the clatter of Fiona's shoes. He turned to watch her leap down the gully as nimbly as a chamois. Her face, always alive, spoke boundless pride and pleasure. "Oh, Digby, darling," she cried, throwing herself upon him.

"It wasn't me," he said in stupefaction. "*I* didn't fire."

"*What?*"

They lay side by side while the good south wind blew against their faces, and Fiona cursed and swore in a torrent of venomous vituperation such as Digby had rarely heard from the lips of man or woman.

A MAN appeared from the far side, loped across the corrie and stood for a moment, hands on hips, wearing that unmistakable, swashbuckling elegance, looking down at the stag. Then he turned his black head and called: "Come on, Madeleine!" loud and clear.

Madeleine came more slowly.

"Good shot, Madeleine." The words came over the wind with the amused, approving tone of his voice.

She laughed up at him. He moved quickly and in character—seized her hand, spun her as a ballet dancer spins his partner, clipped her into his arms, kissed her by force. She seemed to struggle. Then she did not struggle. Her arms stole up around his neck. She rose on tiptoe. It was a long kiss.

My God, she never kissed *me* like that, thought Digby. Never! He was not jealous; he admired the elemental beauty; and yet he didn't much like it. He didn't much like another man being able to arouse something he had not known was in his wife. This was a violent kiss. It ended.

Hamish left her, drew a hunting knife, took the stag by one antler, raised the head, and plunged his knife into the base of the throat. Dark blood poured. When the flow had ceased, he dropped the knife, let go the head, bent, turned swiftly, and ran a bloody finger down one of Madeleine's cheeks and then the other, meeting at the chin.

"What did you do that for?" Her voice came clear and tremulous. "Why, Hamish?"

"Have to blood you for your first stag. Should be the whole face, but I let you off with a token." He laughed again. He was a splendid scamp of a fellow. "Go away while I do the gralloch." Ordered her away. She went.

Fiona's colour had come back. "The stag's head was our side when she fired. Gudgey poachers!"

Digby saw the white rock. He also saw that the hind part of the stag lay unquestionably on Balgersho ground. The imaginary line—a thing of length and no thickness—bisected the dead beast. It was a rare case, and perhaps there would be a Highland law about it. Madeleine had

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poached the head; he himself would have poached the tail. He might have pointed this out to Fiona, but she was not in the mood to welcome such a statement.

"Let's beat it," he said. He was a man of peace. It would be awkward if they disclosed themselves. With Fiona panting and storming like this, there might easily be clawings or scratchings or stand-up fights. "Come on, Fiona!" He kissed her fiercely to take her mind off other passions.

It was an enjoyable tactic, and a thing he had wanted all day to do. She came quietly. They stalked away in reverse, reached the place where they first had spied the stag, and walked on down over the bleak moss and lichen of high altitude, scrambled over rock and scree, walked again on grass, came at length to heather.

"It's her as much as him I mind," she said. "It's her like a soft carnation out of a greenhouse." This was Fiona's only reference to Madeleine. "I can't abide women," she remarked in general. "And I can't abide that stinker Hamish, and you let me down, too, Digby—panting and puffing and wasting time needing to get your breath."

She scowled, picked up a bit of quartz and threw it smack, splinter against rock. Fiona was far too untamed, far too close to the fierce peregrine, to the law of the jungle and the hill, to be a good loser. Digby would not have it otherwise.

"You smell of heather and you and a suspicion of Tabu," Digby said.

"D'you mean to say rhymes so often, Digby?"

"Just happens to me. Just happens to me like you happen to me, Fiona. Never used to."

LATER, at a thoughtful time, she said: "Digby, let's get married, and you can do up the Birks for me and be my Ian Prissitulchan. D'you know how many sons Fiona had by Ian?"

"No clue. I'll buy it."

"Seven! And I'm only thirty, Digby, so I could easily manage seven if you could. But I don't want any gudgey girls. I'd drown them. I just want sons. I bet I would, too."

It was one of the things about Fiona, that you couldn't imagine her with daughters.

"Do you love me, Digby?"

"I'm crazy about you." Oh, this question women always ask, even Fiona. Love? What is it? Must it be a marriage of the minds as well? Do our minds marry?

"Digby, couldn't we be sort of unofficially engaged—I mean while you're still married to that woman? I like you very much, Digby. I think I like you best of everybody ever. There wouldn't be any wrong in me marrying a divorced American," she mused. "Specially one of Highland stock. It wouldn't hurt the clan. . . . Digby, there's something I want to ask you. Please change your mind and wear the kilt tomorrow."

This for the tenth time. "No."

"Please, darling Digby, just for me. Daddy was your size. I know it would fit, and it's the hunting Kilburnie, the same as the one that I've been wearing. You'd look so braw marching at my side and making your speech. Answer me first, Digby."

That goddam speech again. What in heaven was he going to say?

"I tell you what, Digby. We'll go down and try it on. It's such a waste of a kilt not to wear it, especially at the Gathering and when you have a grand body for it with muscles and bones in the right places and legs like oaks. Now kiss me again."

Quite a long while later, he stood in Fiona's room before the mirror and suffered Nanny's chalkings and pinnings while she crooned to herself and him: "Just half an inch all round, mebbe three quarters at the back. Och, Mr. Ross has a rare outstanding build for the kilt. The jacket—sleeves out an inch, and more room in the ocksters. And the bonnet's ower ticht for comfort. I'll open the back a wee thing. There now!"

She stood back and surveyed him with pride. Fiona lounged on the bed. She was in high good humour. She had forgotten all about the stag. Digby looked in the mirror. He hated the idea; he had been had for a sucker! And yet this kilt certainly suited him. He admired himself and made deprecating coy comments.

"The knees are a bit white," Fiona doubted.

"I'll soon sort yon," said Nanny. "I've a bottle up the stair."

"Now walk up and down, Digby." He walked up and down, and now he felt tired. So, after dressing quickly, he went back to her room and gave her a friendly kiss. Nearly four thousand feet up and down. He had done his fair share and no kidding. "What time shall I come tomorrow?"

"Twelve thirty would be fine. I'm sleepy, Digby. I think I'll have a snooze. Goodbye, if you have to go."

HE parked in the shade of the copper beech, and sat there while the wind died at evening. Grey limbs eased their swaying overhead; leaves danced a chinked light-hearted measure.

It had been a day of failure and achievement, and the day was not yet done, and now in a few minutes he would have to grapple finally with that speech. And yet, he thought, in his mood of languor, you don't want too much success. Success is not achieving all the things you started out to do. Our American mistake.

I'm happy, he thought with surprise, quite cured of melancholia. Can't believe I ever had it. A day of great physical effort, and a good deal of it wasted. The intellectual effort still remains. I will make one helluva good speech tomorrow. All I need now is a key to unlock the door to set me composing at a gallop. The Theme: Clan Kilburnie. The Protagonist: Our glorious chieftain. The watchword: Inspiration. But how. . . ?

Balgersho's plane glided in overhead and side-slipped like a winged crab to land across the field. After a few minutes, it roared away.

Madeleine came up towards the front door. She was limping badly, and her mouth twitched at each step. But although there was this small evidence of pain, the message of her face, flushed from the sun and wind, was an abstracted pleasure. She did not see him in the car in his shady nook.

"Hallo, there," he called, getting out. "Bad blisters?"

Madeleine started, then looked at him. "Hullo Digby," she said as if he was some casual acquaintance; and her face brightened; "I did the hat trick. It was worth the blisters. I got a royal stag and a grouse and a twelve pound salmon."

He didn't mind the stag. But the hat trick? No, he wasn't so pleased about that. "Congratulations," he said. "You've certainly taken to the sporting life like a duck to water, bit of a lame duck, perhaps. I see you washed that blood off."

"How . . . .?" She stared at him, then blushed in a warm guilty tide. It was most becoming. It brought a memory to him of long ago when they were courting and not yet engaged and if they met at parties or anywhere at all, even in the park, she would blush.

"I was a privileged spectator," he said. "I hope you had a swell time."

"I hope you had a swell time, too." Her lips trembled. Perhaps with a smile or perhaps not. She limped slowly to the house, turned at the door, stuck her tongue out at him and said: "You poor old red-nosed sucker."

Her Fifth Avenue rustic appearance, her sickening behaviour with the colonel, her dancing around the lawn, her lust for the chase, her dumb remarks, even her behaviour on the summit of Ben McKercher—all these could be woman's tricks or posturings, being more French than the Frogs, more Italian than the Eyeties, more Scots than the haggis. But to turn around like that and call him a *poor old red-nosed sucker*! Why, it was plain crazy. Why, it was a word she shuddered even to hear. *I do wish you wouldn't use those common expressions, Digby.* Sticking her tongue out, too. It was like the bishop standing in the pulpit and starting his sermon: *Hiya, bums!* She must be nuts.

Digby stood fingering his nose, which was painfully fiery from too much sun among the heather, and considering all this until the colonel hailed him: "What ho, Digby-P.! Why so glum?"

"I was thinking of that speech I have to make."

"Talking of speeches, did I ever tell you about the time my dear wife Mona and I were after ibex in the Himalayas? Well, we climbed for days

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by TIM

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and days from a place called Kalimpong towards the Tibetan border. . . ."

"I really ought to be going in, Colonel," said Digby. This tale could go on all night.

"Won't be a minute, my boy, almost finished. . . . We turned a corner and if you please, would you believe it, do you know what we saw? A holy man sitting starko at the mouth of a cave facing Kanchenjunga. It was cold up there, I can tell you, but he might have been in the Bahamas. He wasn't an old chap—about your age, Digby P. He was chanting the way they do, on and on like a dirge. . . ."

"Look, Colonel. . . ."

"Patience, boy. This isn't Wall Street. Well, there was something about him that annoyed Mona and intrigued her, too. 'Farquhar,' she said, 'ask that vulgar creature what he's going on about.'

"I must say I boggled a bit because I was always nervous of disturbing those holy chaps in case they got annoyed and cast a spell on me. Superstition, of course. But there was no saying nay to Mona once her mind was made up, so I went over to him. 'What is your speech about, *panditji*?' I asked politely in Hindustani.

"Well, he did stop chanting, but he never took his eyes off Kanchenjunga, and would you believe it, he answered me in fair English. 'Tell woman,' he said loudly, 'my speech is poem.' Mona wasn't best pleased, I can tell you. 'The impertinence,' she said, 'calling a memsahib, woman.' But she got her answer. My dear Mona always did get her answer. We started down the path."

"*My speech is poem,*" Digby said. "*My speech is poem.*" It was a blinding and beautiful revelation, so simple now that it had come, so clear and vivid.

"I want paper," he said. "Foolscap. I want it right away."

"What's got into you, Digby P.?"

"Hurry up!" he said, issuing the commands of exaltation. "Find it for me."

THE colonel came quietly and found paper. "Here you are, old boy. Is that enough? Are you all right? Do you want a drink?" He was worried, fussing around.

"No. I want coffee in my room. Tell somebody to bring it up. And later I should eat. Yes, send me dinner, too. Otherwise I must not be disturbed."

"Oh dear, oh dear," sighed the colonel. "I don't know what Bridget Moloney's going to say."

"That's *your* problem," Digby said. It was perhaps the first unprovoked rudeness of his adult years. Even Miss Prendergast had provoked him. But it was not rudeness; it was the blind compulsion of the muse which had been waiting and growing all to this bursting moment of his life.

He sat at a table in the north wing of Glendrogan. He wrote. He finished at 2 a.m.

To be continued next week

LIFE WITH FATHER

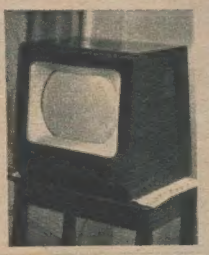
Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 32—the late Sir Edward Elgar, the famous composer, with his only daughter, Carice.

FOLLOW HIM to a FORTUNE with this £1,000 PAGE!

SEEN here is Mr. C. Wright (83 Grasby Road, Hull) who captured £750 last summer for a *Bullet* inspired by a thunderstorm. He is among twenty-eight readers who have banked £750 JOHN BULL cheques since the war. Another twenty-four readers are enjoying the thrills of TV won in *Bullets*.

This week, here comes an opportunity for you to win with your coupon below both a £750 fortune *and* a TV set in time for autumn programmes. Post that coupon by Monday, August 24.

£750 CASH PLUS TV



MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT IN "JOHN BULL'S" TOURNAMENT

THE most meritorious of the First Prize *Bullets* in Contests, 1,899, 1,900, 1,901 and 1,902 will bring its entrant £750 plus £75 TV—a £450 Tournament Cash Bonus added to First Prize cheque.

£300 PLUS £75 TV

WITH your £300 First Prize cheque this week you receive our invitation to choose from your dealer's stock any TV value up to £75—JOHN BULL pays the bill. (Extra cheque in lieu of TV if preferred.)

1,569 OTHER PRIZES
£25, £20, £15, £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s.
50 "Bullets" Season Tickets
1,500 "Use-as-you-choose" Awards

"3 Luxury Meals" AS BONUSES Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

World At Peace
Each Of Us
The First Gentleman
Industry's Harvest
The Strain's Terrific, But
Clouds Over Egypt
Getting Together
On The TV Menu
Hurt Her
Life In Our Village
Really Interested
Motorist Dad
A Glance, A Smile And
Highly Inflammable
The Wind And The Rain
Flattering
Gangster Film
In All Directions
Fearsome Brute
Pipped At The Post

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Woman In A.....
Unfit For .....
A.....Business
..... On Wheels
Cream Of The.....
Having A..... .....Time

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,899 (or Xword 851) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets" Winners 1,894

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: Mrs. E. Ackinson, 9 Perth Street, Hull:

The Feminine Touch With Kingly Grasp, Elizabeth's.

SECOND PRIZE, £50: D. J. Williams, 3 Bryn Glas, Bryntirion, Bridgend: MAN, THE MOUNTAINEER—OR FLY ON WALL?

THIRD PRIZE, £25: W. J. Bloomfield, 3 Dalwood Street, Camberwell, S.E.5: ELIZABETHAN PRIDE—MOUNTS—BUT *Stride* COUNTS!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: N. MacLean, 60 Nicolson Road, Stornoway, Isle of Lewis: HAD TIME TO DRINK—NONE TO *Brake*! £9: T. Mahoney, 37 Camp Place, Callander, Perthshire: THAT HOLIDAY — WE PLANNED, *Babies* AGO! £8: Mrs. A. M. Jones, 9 Penlon Gardens, Bangor, Caerns: MAKES ONE ENVY—CAVE-MAN, THES "*Silverstone* AGE." £7: E. T. Foyle, Monks Wood Hostel, Stevenage: GENEROUS NATURE—"LADLING OUT" OUR SUMMER! £6: R. Foster, 6 Greenwood Avenue, Newtown, Wigan: WHAT WE'RE WAITING FOR—COLOURED, THREE-DIMENSIONAL, *Cheaper* TELEVISION! £5: D. Marshall, 183 Seamer Road, Scarborough: GENEROUS NATURE—"GOLD" *Weighing* WITH PETER. £5: W. F. Ralphs, 4 Forest View Avenue, Whipps Cross, Leyton, E.10: ELIZABETHAN PIRATE—RUNNING "YE OLDE TEA-SHOPPE"?

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

FINE HOLIDAY OFFER FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 851**

1. It's rather a sad occasion when one puts up the shutters
5. You can't get rubber for certain kind of these
6. It may take considerable amount of cunning to do
7. Grim ones are apt to unnerve some people
10. A widow can do this to chattels left her by her husband
11. One may possibly be used to convey warning
12. Some have to rely on partners for these at times
13. Music student may well be interested in

Down Clues

1. These rather depend on the ground
2. What bandit sometimes has, to avoid detection
3. A sensible man is choosy when selecting one
4. One is quite out of the ordinary if newspapers make a fuss when one comes out
7. They may have a long run
8. Many people think there's no need for tub-thumpers to do this at all
9. May prove very useful to farmer

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS

£25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25

among 1st Runners-up and up to

25 SURPRISE PARCELS

containing 20 extras to help fill your larder—one Parcel with each Runner-up Award value £1 or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 846 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Child. 3, Pigs. 5, Men. 7, Wop. 10, Planted. 11, Guilt. 12, Bat. DOWN: 1, Cats. 2, Lamp. 3, Peach. 4, Stairs. 6, Stir. 8, Plain. 9, Fuel. 10, Par.

FOUR £100 SHARERS: J. E. Brown, 202 Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1; Mrs. A. E. Dubbin, 4 Victoria Grove, Folkestone; Mrs. E. A. Rhodes, 48 Wood Lodge Lane, West Wickham, Kent; Mrs. V. Rhys, 8 Raglan House, Westgate Street, Cardiff. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 51 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes to 2nd Runners-up.

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **851** Closing MON., AUG. 24 Postmark

I enclose P.O. value ..... No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Sept. 5.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry equal to 16 Squares. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

ANOTHER £750 – plus – TV OPPORTUNITY NEXT WEEK!

EXAMPLE ..... | FREE

BULLET .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

NOTE BONUS OFFER ABOVE for FULLY COMPLETED COUPON

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

1,899 Closing Postmark MON., AUG. 24

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated September 5. **712**

STICK **2½d.** STAMP here for "Bulletin"

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated September 12, and in JOHN BULL dated September 19), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, September 5, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,899 result.)

NOTE. — You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry - fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

YOUR FIRST "BULLET" FREE THIS WEEK

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Had Jean the gift of second sight . . . *or did she just guess she'd have tender, tempting, melt-in-your-mouth Batchelors Peas that night, knowing that 4 of 6 discerning housewives prefer them? But how could she have foretold the handsome stranger . . .*

Spode China by W. T. Copeland & Sons Ltd.

Handsome Meal... Handsome Stranger!

"JEAN CAME TO OUR FANCY DRESS PARTY as a fortune teller, so we made her do a bit of crystal gazing. She told Audrey that a handsome stranger was coming into her life. We couldn't help laughing when a cousin of mine turned up unexpectedly. Jim is tall, dark and distinctly good looking. Jean also said she saw a superb dinner, and when I produced roast duck with Batchelors meltingly tender, tasty Peas, everyone began to wonder if Jean really was psychic! There certainly was magic around the house that night . . . . " Bring magic into your house today with delicious, work-saving Batchelors Peas.

3 SENSIBLE TABLE TIPS

PEAS & BACON MEDLEY. Cut up 3 rashers of bacon, 2 sticks of celery if available, 1 onion. Fry gently until soft but not browned. Stir in 1 level tablespoon flour, and then liquid from Batchelors Peas (large can). Simmer 10-15 mins. Add peas from can, heat thoroughly, and serve with potato border.

PEAS & CARROTS. Mix Batchelors Peas, drained, with an equal quantity of diced cooked carrots. Serve *HOT* sprinkled with chopped fried onion or fresh chives.

SCALLOPED PEAS. Mix a large can of Batchelors Peas, drained, with ½ pint of cheese sauce. Garnish with thinly sliced tomato, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown under the grill.

Batchelors WONDERFUL PEAS

IN CAN SIZES TO SUIT ALL NEEDS

BPP23/80

'B' for BATCHELORS

ENGLISH CANNED SOUPS · VEGETABLES · FRUITS